

From Tracy With Love

The sun rises for me
differently than for any other
my days rank star sapphire
on the jewel-tipped scale
that measures human fortune.
I've been called lucky;
for me, the word has a different connotation.

Spending my life
divided from the world
by a net;
getting Avon make overs
from the star struck employees
of my own empire.

Nights wasted at 14
sipping leathery gin
from a mug inscribed with my signature,
currently selling for \$49.99
in Bloomie's.

The yellow moon
glows down at me
like an angry young tennis ball.
Lifting my racket
I serve
the sky.

Jenny Fleissner

A Buck's Rock Afternoon

Everyone has left for work.
The world is standing still.

Some people hang around talking,
their voices are breaking
like the raindrops we wish for.
I can't tell the difference.

The lawn mower cuts
the thick, hot air like a loaf of bread.

Some people on the lawn play guitars,
slow songs melt like butter in the heat,
an afternoon slipping away.

Lisa Cooper



Catreena

How majestic was ne,
with striped velvet fur
and feet like he had just walked
through snow.

So warm and cuddly,
like a little lion in his couch corner castle.
No other cat could take his place.

He was the best ever,
my tear blanket when I needed it,
he didn't mind.

The only problem is:
he's gone...
and he's never coming back.

Nina Lesser

Rain

Tapping restlessly on the roof
a never ending medley of sound:
like a tiny click
as a drop hits metal,
a deep hollow sound
like a lonely echo,
the thud of a shoe
as it's thrown to the ground by its owner
over and over again.
To some, comforting rain.
To others, a hoard of fearful rushing giants
pounding quickly overhead.
Rain.

Laura Segal

The Wings

I saw her wings stretch so wide,
her beauty flowed from side to side,
with each little movement she made
her wings were tiny chips of jade,
I felt her light, her glory and fear
I wonder if she knew I was near.

Wendy Soman



Three Poorly Done Haikus

A young man was born
He lived a very full life
After that he died



What am I doing?
Who, and what is the Eggman?
This doesn't make sense.

A young typewriter
Sitting on a dusty shelf
Breaks down, is thrown out.

Howard A. Fischer

Remembering

She
sees her
eleventh year
through yards of crumpled
wrapping paper,
spilled soda, and uneaten cake.
The room is silent.
The laughter is stilled,
only echoes remain.
She sits among the memories
of food fights, friends
and laughter.
She sits among the memories of
her birthday party.

Loneliness

Loneliness is...

Losing your teddy bear.
Eating a whole pizza by your self.
Having no one to walk to school with.
Having no family to exchange presents with on Christmas.
Sleeping alone with only your pillow to hug.
Not being loved and having no one to love.

Nancy List

The Waterhole

Nestled in the woods,
among feathery evergreens that tickle the sky,
it moves peaceful as murky jello,
leaves floating on top like little people.
Undisturbed except by an occasional passing car.
A yellow van stops;
it's time for the water to wake up.
The morning fog covers the water with a cold film.
Standing in the muddy water
I feel like I'm crushing wine grapes.
The water hole trickles into a waterfall.
I stand behind its curtain of white water,
it blocks my vision of the world.
I push my head through the water
and feel its mossy guillotine against my neck.
I get back into the yellow van afterward,
and leave the water to sleep.

Lisa Cooper

The silence is not a threat
fulfilling broken promises of evening melodies
to the beat of slow, lugubrious tempos.
Wrinkled sun-dried fruit
choking on the pits of never-eaten lies,
tasting the bittersweet ironies of life
alone with the fate of time.

The darkness hides beneath a layer of innocence
revealing only surface tension.
A conversation begins,
and ends.
It does not listen, nor does it hear;
for it knows there are no answers.

Danny Anker

Summer Bunk in Winter

It's early morning
late in January,
freezing outside.
The bunk is deserted
except for mice who sleep in cobwebbed corners.
A damp white towel
used once in July
remains rolled up on the floor.
Shelves once filled with clothes
now bare and empty, pulled open.
Dust around the edges.
The mattresses lie limp on the beds,
in need of repair.
A ripped screen
brings the cold winter
ripping through the summer bunk.

Terry Buch

Change

The colors so crisp; the reds, the golds,
The enchanting magic that Autumn holds.
A time for ending, a beginning too,
We'll soon be seeing Winter's hue.
The green is gone with Summer's song,
And now it's Winter, cold and long.
Prepare to come inside awhile,
And wait for Spring with a knowing smile.

Deborah Kogan

Summer Promise

As I sit here
on my bed
different thoughts
fill my head.
I know this summer
has come to an end,
the misery of missing all my friends.
Oh well, we'll have to
wait another year.
It will come soon,
don't shed a tear.
Please come back, try.
I'll have to say
"Good bye."

Nancy Rubin

Promise to Jimmy

Good day sunshine,
Across the universe.
All I've got to do
In my life.
When I get home
Drive my car
On the long and winding road.
Think for yourself.
Getting better
With a little help from my friends
Because
I need you.
All my loving
It's for you.
It won't be long.
The end.
P.S. I love you!

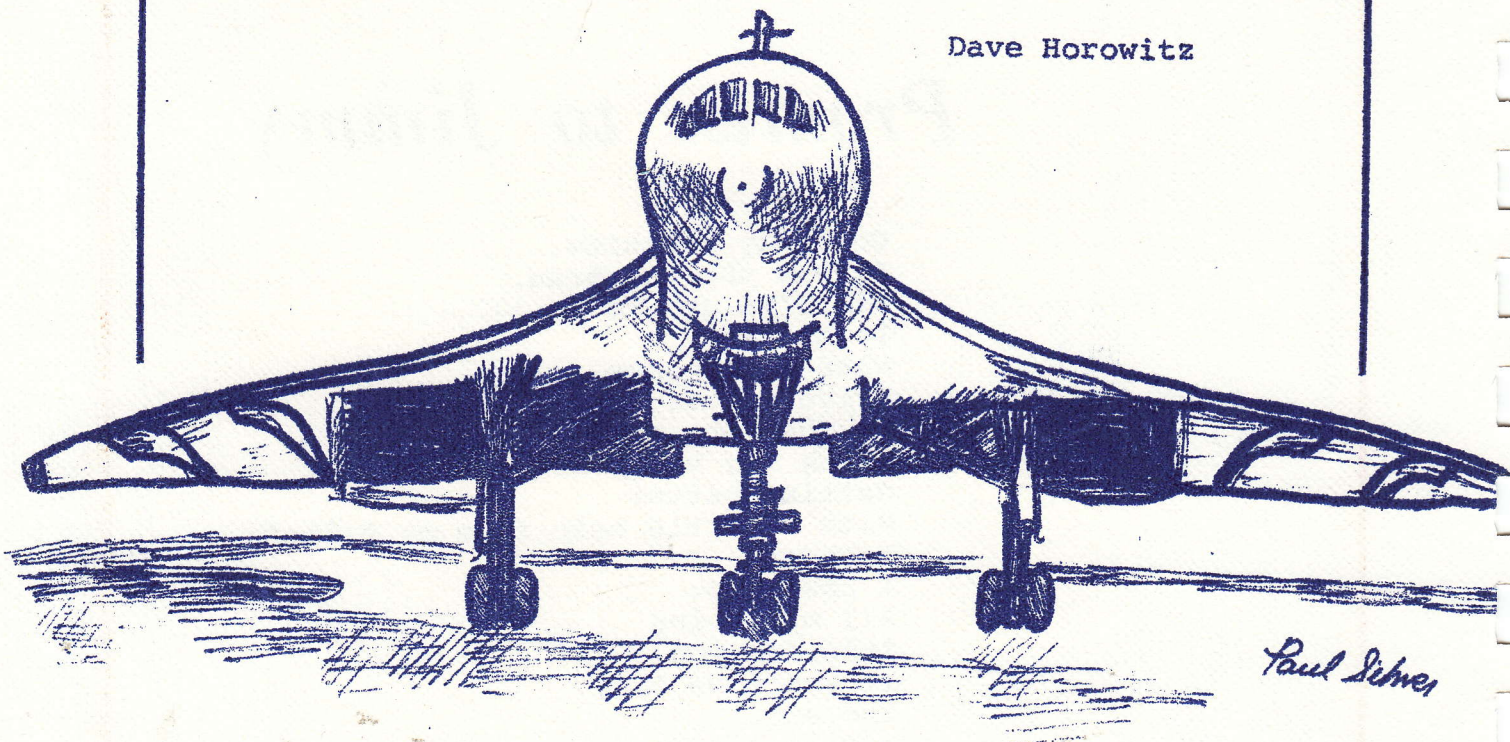
Brenda Mitchell



The Concorde

The Concorde flies so very high,
As high as it can fly.
You can see it up in the clouds,
And hear its engines loud.
It makes such a roaring din
Like an opening sail in a stormy wind,
The shining plane is sleek and smooth
And flies in its airspace groove,
With its wings spread like a fighting hawk
Yet graceful as a soaring dove.

Dave Horowitz



The Highest Tide

On the St. Croix beach
the sea shrieked.
Raising its mane of white caps it
was looking for a new moon
to shepherd its flow.
It was fed up with
ensnaring itself
in the cliff-propped mansion
and getting its tidal waves
reduced to interrupted sneezes
that splayed themselves
against the plateau's razed wall.
The water, therefore,
lassoed a tornado and shunted
itself to Jupiter. With nine
moons, one
of them must
lead the right way,
and the only thing the
waves
could possibly wonk into
is static.

Claudia Siegel

Therapy

A man sits in a suit
an alphabet of degrees
fathoming your mind

Mandy Keifetz

1964: Shafted

The elevator and I
left my heart
behind. When
I stumbled out
the darkness convinced me
that I was wandering in someone's
body, perhaps
my own, either way I would not
like what I found.
Ironical to think
I was merely searching
for the envelope I dropped. My
hand was tossed to
where it peevishly lay
and caught it;
there I
was accosted by a door
and sped out. In
yesterday's bleary light
I saw that the return
address had rearranged itself
like kicked gravel: after five
days, they'd
shuttled my future
away from me and back to fate.

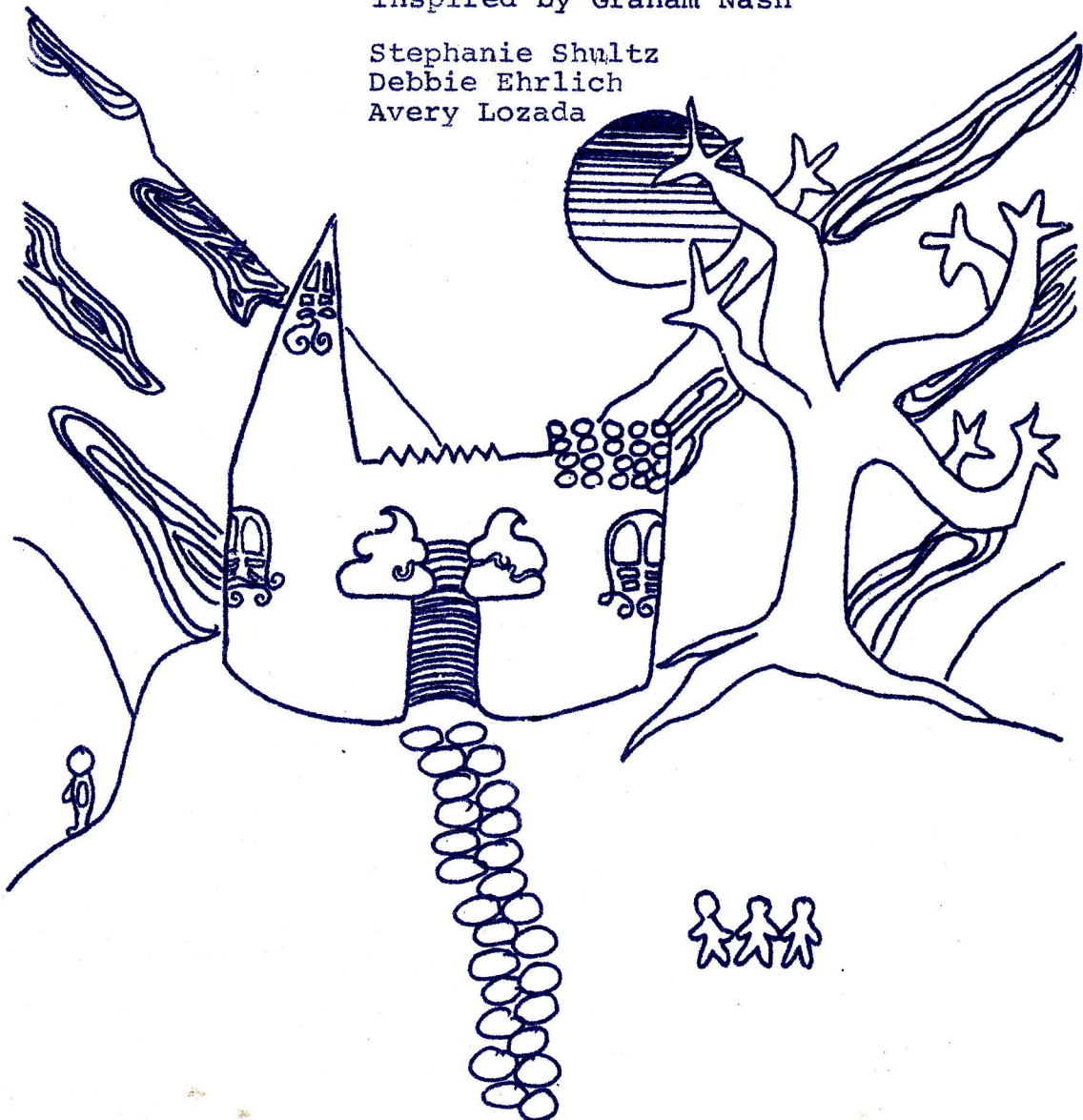
Claudia Siegel

Our House

No, our house is not a masterpiece.
It's got its faults but our house
is a very very very fine house.
Just like life,
its appearance may be deceiving.
The walls will slope,
the steeple's not straight,
but it emits beauty.
The beauty of three people loving it.

Inspired by Graham Nash

Stephanie Shultz
Debbie Ehrlich
Avery Lozada



Born

Born,

Frost glistens on the tender tips of grass
A Guiding light escapes through crevices of roaring clouds
Leading to a pathway partly shoveled
New steps crush golden roads.

Anika Peress



The Fly

You swat the air stupidly
In a violent frenzy.
Your face red and distorted
Your muscles tense.
It's amazing: one small fly
Can arouse such wrath.

Susan Roth

Tightrope of Boulders

I walk a tightrope as
 A huge gray boulder
Devoid of life and feeling
 Blocks my path and grows
Faster than I can go over its bulk

I am confused

I turn to go back
 As the boulder's twin appears
In front of me
 And I balance myself
Knowing death lurks below me

How do I escape
 From these two stone masses
Behind and in front of myself
 Which threaten to cut my lifeline
Like a razorblade to my wrists

I am confused

If I am to survive a fall...
 If I am to be freed...
If I am to have inner peace...
 If I am to crush the gray boulders...
"If" seems to be the sole solution.

Steven Hartstein

Fears: A Found Poem

| | |
|------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Acarophobia | Fear of itching |
| Agylophobia | Fear of crossing busy streets |
| Amathophobia | Fear of dust |
| Ambulophobia | Fear of walking |
| Anglophobia | Fear of England or English customs |
| Autophobia | Fear of oneself |
| Belonephobia | Fear of pins and needles |
| Bolshephobia | Fear of Bolshevism |
| Cathisophobia | Fear of sitting |
| Chrematophobia | Fear of money |
| Dikephobia | Fear of justice |
| Ecophobia | Fear of one's home |
| Eosophobia | Fear of dawn |
| Ergasiophobia | Fear of work or operating on someone |
| Erythrophobia | Fear of red lights or blushing |
| Gamophobia | Fear of marriage |
| Helminthophobia | Fear of being covered with worms |
| Hydrophobia | Fear of liquids |
| Hypophobia | Fear of the lack of fear |
| Kinesophobia | Fear of movement |
| Laliophobia | Fear of speaking |
| Linonophobia | Fear of string |
| Megalophobia | Fear of large things |
| Melophobia | Fear of music |
| Metrophobia | Fear of poetry |
| Mikrophobia | Fear of germs |
| Nebulaphobia | Fear of fog |
| Novercaphobia | Fear of one's step-mother |
| Ochlophobia | Fear of crowds |
| Ombrophobia | Fear of rain |
| Omonatophobia | Fear of hearing a certain word |
| Parthenophobia | Fear of virgins |
| Pantophobia | Fear of everything |
| Paraphobia | Fear of the Pope |
| Pediculophobia | Fear of lice |
| Pentheraphobia | Fear of mother-in-law |
| Phobophobia | Fear of fear |
| Placophobia | Fear of tombstones |
| Pteronoochobia | Fear of being tickled by feathers |
| Scopophobia | Fear of being seen |
| Septophobia | Fear of decaying matter |
| Sitophobia | Fear of eating |
| Sociophobia | Fear of friendship |
| Spectrophobia | Fear of looking in the mirror |
| Syngenesophobia | Fear of relatives |
| Technophobia | Fear of arts |
| Teleophobia | Fear of definite plans |
| Theophobia | Fear of Gods and religion |
| Triskadalophobia | Fear of the number thirteen |
| Uranophobia | Fear of heaven |
| Verbophobia | Fear of words |

Carolyn Raskin

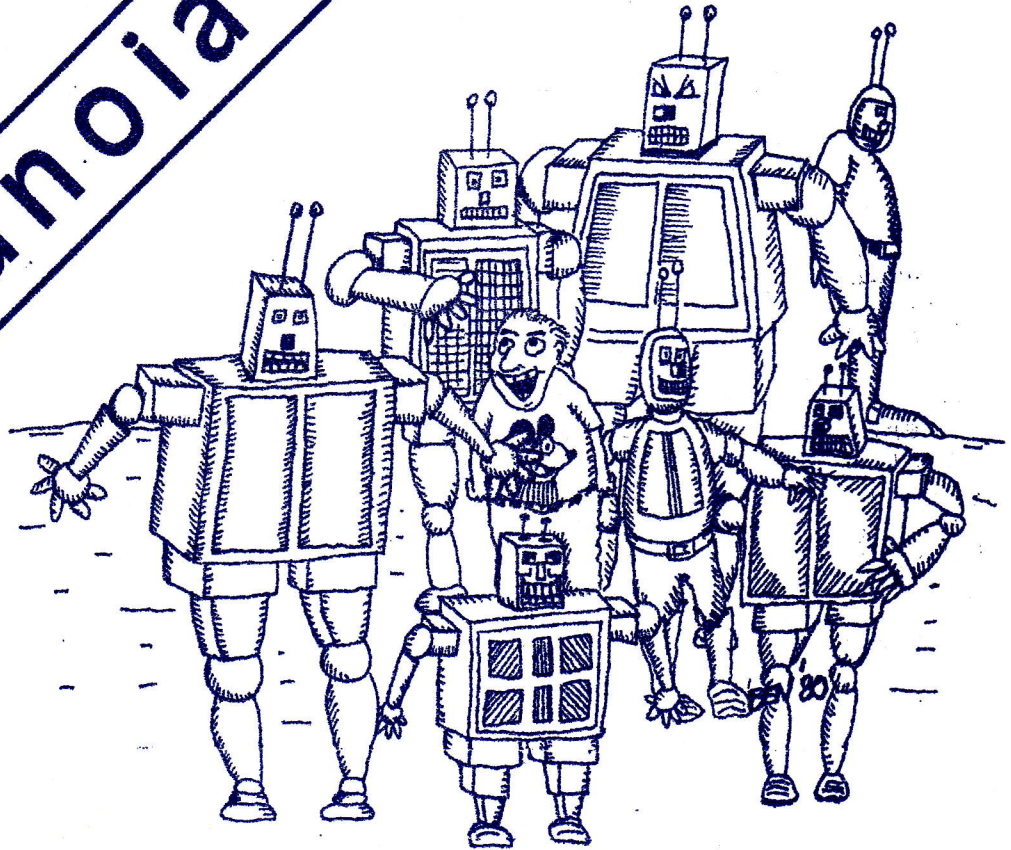


"Paradise"

35/1000

Carson M. Brown

paranoia



Joseph was babbling again. Periodically, he would talk on and on about nothing in particular. Either he liked the sound of his own voice, or he was crazy, or actually made sense in some bizzare way.

"What if," he started, "What if I was the only person on Earth?" He actually sounded serious.

"Ah, but you're not!" I superiorly stated. Maybe now he would shut up.

"What if," he continued, "I was the only human on Earth? What if all of you were robots, here just to test me, and see my reactions to certain situations? What if..."

"What if you finally shut up?!" I screamed at him.

"What if whenever I left a room all of you mechanical people turned off, until I came back in? What if my mind is being read every single minute, for some unfathomable reason.?"

Jesus, did he sound theatrical, I thought.

"Let us assume, for a moment, that you are not my friend, but are in fact some machine, here to test me."

"Then," I questioned, "why the hell am I testing you?! Why would I care about you?"

"I don't know," he answered. "I was hoping you could tell me. Why are you testing me?" He sat back in his seat, secure in the knowledge that he had trapped me. After a silence of three minutes he stated "Of course, if you were a robot then you wouldn't tell me if I'm being tested."

"Joseph," I said, "Do you know that you're a complete idiot?"

"Are you saying that because I am an idiot, or because you do not want me to continue in my questioning, lest I find out the truth?"

"You are the most screwed up individual I have ever met," I truthfully declared. "You are very paranoid."

"Aha! See a psychiatrist, you say. Have him cure me you say. But instead of "curing" me he will brainwash me to forget the truth!" He looked extremely triumphant.

"You have the stupidest and dumbest beliefs. Are you being serious?" Maybe he was crazy. I always thought that he wasn't too stable.

"Of course I am! Why else would I say these things? Please tell me the truth!" He pleadingly looked at me, and I would have burst out laughing if he didn't look so pathetic.

Suddenly, three men burst into the room. They stared at Joseph for a scant second or so and said in unison "Joseph, you have discovered the truth. Everyone, us, him (pointing at me) are robots. You will now come with us!"

"What!" I screamed shrilly. "I'm no robot. What the hell are you..." Then I realized how stupid I must have sounded. Joseph, with his love for mischief, had arranged to play this little practical joke on me! What nerve!

Madly, I stomped out of the room, to the laughter of Joseph and the "Robots." When I was out on the street, however, I swear I heard one of them say "First phase of testing complete."

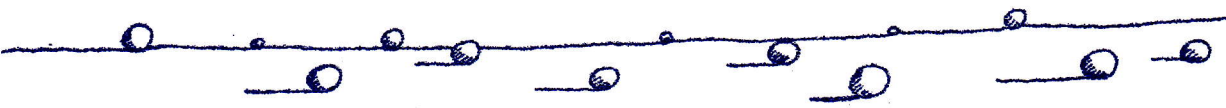
Howard A. Fischer

Seventeen Reasons Not To Throw Frogs



1. It might hit someone.
2. You might kill the frog.
3. You may not kill it, but fatally injure it.
4. It might not get hurt, and it will viciously attack you.
5. It may fall in the bug juice, making it frog juice.
6. A counselor may catch it and beat you over the head with it.
7. A counselor may catch it and eat it, then throw the bones at you.
8. It might go over the ocean to France, where they will eat it.
9. Its mother may come along and sue you for frogslaughter.
10. Or, its father may come along and sue you.
11. If it dies, you may have to pay for the funeral, and the catering.
12. It might not die, but be confined to a wheelchair for life.
13. The police might see you and toss you in jail.
14. It is not nice to throw things.
15. People don't like frogs thrown at them.
16. Someone could catch it and play football with it, and that's cruel.
17. I'll hit you if you do.

Howard A. Fischer



I was having a conversation with my friend about fertilizer when I suddenly asked, "Do you know any fortune tellers?"

She looked up. "What kind would you use? Natural or artificial?" she asked.

"I'd prefer the natural kind. They'd probably have the best effect."

"Rather smelly, though," she said.

"What?!" I shouted. "How do they expect to get any customers if they smell? My friend's face turned purple when she realized I was talking about fortune tellers, and not fertilizer."

"Why do you want to see a fortune teller?" she demanded. I looked down and fiddled with a loose button on my shirt.

"I'm bored," I mumbled. My friend finally managed to puff out two words in her anger. She said "Madame Rosa."

Madame Rosa told fortunes above a chinese laundromat. I walked up the dusty staircase and almost killed myself tripping over a box of Tide. Even with a twisted ankle I continued onward. I rapped timidly on the only door in sight. "Whata ya want," a voice answered.

I breathed deeply and tried to speak confidently, but it only resulted in my voice cracking. "I'm here to see Madame Rosa."

"Why?" The voice behind the door sounded ancient.

"To have my fortune told," I answered. The door swung open and I was greeted by a woman who appeared as old as the moldy prune in my refrigerator. (I think the moldy prune was there even before I had gotten the refrigerator.) Madame Rosa was wearing a faded black dress which sagged in the back, and scarfs of assorted colors hung from her arms. Covering her hair was a bright purple turban wrapped around the upper part of her head.

"Why did you come here to have your fortune told," she snapped.

"I was told you were a fortune teller," I said. "May I please come in." She threw her hands above her head as though she had given up.

"Do what you wanta do," she said. As soon as I sat down she demanded money. I paid and she grudgingly took my palm. "You'll live a long healthy life with a kind, humble husband. Have lotsa kids and liva happily in your house with a little garden in the back and lotsa little tots running 'round with jelly on their mouths."



The Juggler



"Is that all?" I asked.
"What else do you want, Roberto Redford?" she asked disgustedly.
"Well, I had hoped for something a bit more exciting."
"Why?" she asked shrilly. "I wish I had lived a life like that instead of getting stuck in this crummy business."



"I think it's rather interesting," I said timidly. Madame Rosa snorted.

"Take it from me, I know. Those who wish for more than is in their reach don't ever get nothin'."

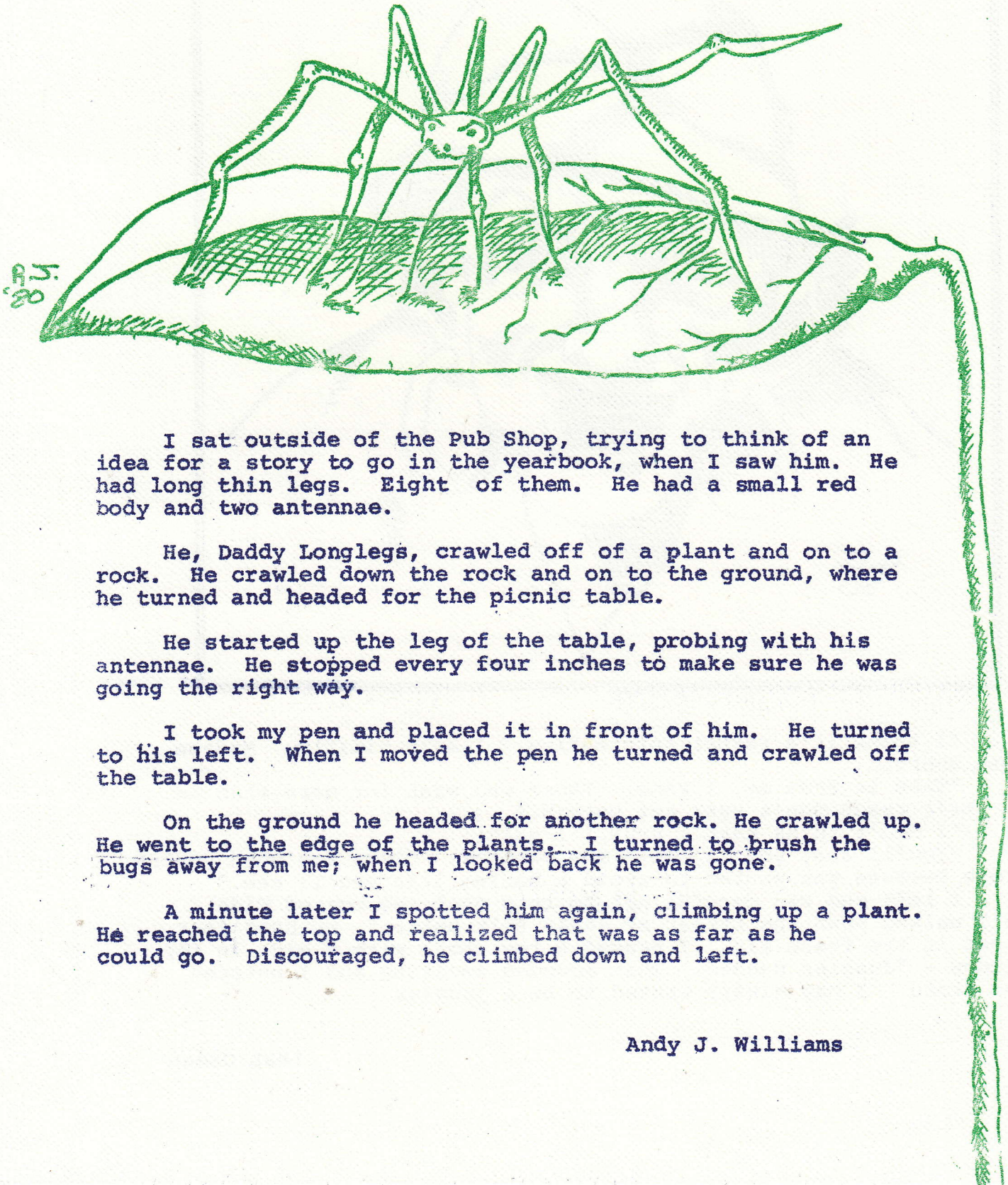
"I don't think that's true," I said.

"You'll see, you'll see," she mumbled. "Some day when you're broke because you wanted to avoid a boring life you'll see."

I left and was careful not to trip over the box of Tide. As I walked down the street my ankle felt better. My head felt clear in the fresh air. I passed a toy store with a sign in the window - "Juggler Needed." That sounded exciting and I entered the store. I had always wanted to be a juggler

Leah Osman

Daddy Long-Legs



I sat outside of the Pub Shop, trying to think of an idea for a story to go in the yearbook, when I saw him. He had long thin legs. Eight of them. He had a small red body and two antennae.

He, Daddy Longlegs, crawled off of a plant and on to a rock. He crawled down the rock and on to the ground, where he turned and headed for the picnic table.

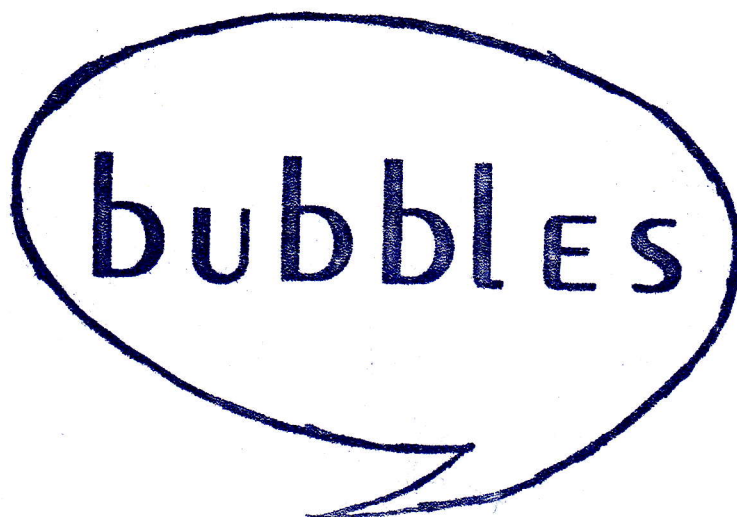
He started up the leg of the table, probing with his antennae. He stopped every four inches to make sure he was going the right way.

I took my pen and placed it in front of him. He turned to his left. When I moved the pen he turned and crawled off the table.

On the ground he headed for another rock. He crawled up. He went to the edge of the plants. I turned to brush the bugs away from me; when I looked back he was gone.

A minute later I spotted him again, climbing up a plant. He reached the top and realized that was as far as he could go. Discouraged, he climbed down and left.

Andy J. Williams



She invariably drank it between 10:45 and 11:00 with a generous amount of cream and two envelopes of Sugar-Twin. Sylvia had tried it other ways -- milk instead of cream, only one packet of sweetener, she had even tried espresso once -- but she always came back to her Maxwell House Instant, cream, and two envelopes of Sugar-Twin. She had to have it finished by 11:00 because she needed at least two hours to clean the house, and her favorite soap, The Heartstrings, came on at 1:00.

He called at 10:55 every day without fail. She spoke with her husband for three or four minutes before beginning her cleaning -- sometimes only two, if they had already decided which movie they were going to see Saturday night, and with which other couple.

On this particular Wednesday, Sylvia almost tuned in late. She hated to be late. Her favorite chair was situated directly in front of the TV. The opening credits were rolling as the picture came into focus. The first block of commercials ended just as she came back from the kitchen with her second cup of coffee.

Scene 1: A Park Ave. Apartment

GLORIA: I guess this is it. (Picks up suitcase.) I'm sorry, Bob.

BOB: We always knew it wouldn't work. We just have to pick up the pieces of our lives and move on. (Opens door for GLORIA.)

GLORIA: Goodbye, darling. I'll never forget you. (Exits, door right.)

Sylvia placed her coffee cup on the table next to her.

BOB: (Moves to phone and dials.) Hello, Dan? Meet me at Albert's in fifteen minutes. I need to talk.

Sylvia picked up her coffee cup. She held it by an imaginary base, as she would a cocktail glass. Some of it spilled on her dress. She didn't notice.

Scene 2: Albert's Bar and Grill

BOB: She did it, Dan. She left.

DAN: You mean --?

BOB: Yes. So. I guess it was destined to end. I wasn't right for her, and she wasn't right for me. I need someone kind and loving, Dan. I'm fifty now -- I can't base my existence on glamour any more. I need someone sensitive, someone who'll really care for me. Will I ever find her, Dan? (He drinks.)

Sylvia stretched her hand out towards the set. The coffee cup fell to the floor. She didn't pick it up.

DAN: You'll find her, Bob. She may find you. Somewhere there is a woman who needs a kind, caring, sensitive man as much as you need her. You'll find each other, Bob. I'd stake my life on it.

CUT TO...

Scene 3: A Suburban Living Room

SYLVIA: (Crosses to phone and dials.) Hello, Steve? I must talk to you.

STEVE: Didn't I just talk to you an hour or so ago?

SYLVIA: I know, but it's very -- important.

STEVE: Can't it wait? I'm very busy, Syl.

SYLVIA: No, Steve, it can't.

Bob ordered another martini. He invariably drank it very dry and with an olive. He had tried it other ways -- a little more vermouth, a twist of lemon peel and no olive -- but he had always ended up with his very dry martini on the rocks with an olive.

STEVE: All right. Try to make it fast, though. Really, Syl -- I have a meeting in two minutes.

SYLVIA: I don't know how to tell you this, dear.

STEVE: Tell me what? What's wrong?

SYLVIA: I just want you to know that I enjoyed our life together. I did love you, Steve, I really did. Once.

STEVE: (Shifts uncomfortably.) What are you trying to say, Sylvia?

Bob finished his drink and put the glass on the counter. He left the cost of the drink, plus a carefully calculated 15 percent tip on the counter.

SYLVIA: I'm leaving you, Steve.

STEVE: What? What the hell are you talking about, Sylvia?

SYLVIA: Please, Steve, don't make this any harder for me than it is already.

STEVE: If this is a joke, it's not very funny. Not funny at all.

SYLVIA: There's someone who needs me. Someone who needs me more than you do. Someone who I need very, very much.

Bob walked out of the bar and on to the street. He walked towards the movie theater -- he always went to movies when he was upset and a couple of drinks didn't help. He glanced at his watch. If he didn't hurry, he'd be late. Bob hated to be late.

STEVE: (After a pause.) Who is it, Sylvia?

SYLVIA: You don't know him.

STEVE: Come on, Sylvia. Stop this nonsense.

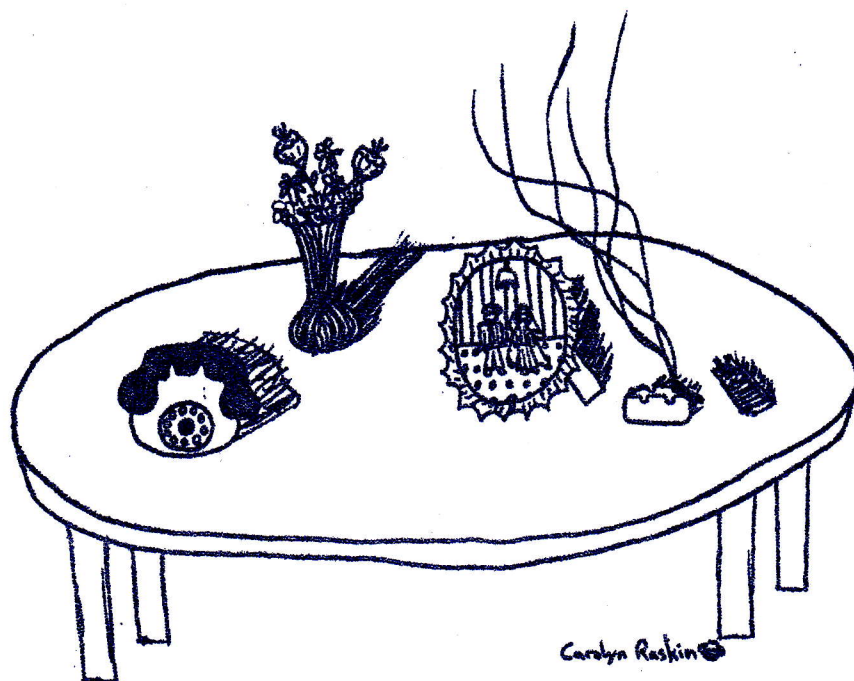
Bob bought his ticket and found an empty place towards the back of the theater. He sat down as the opening credits were rolling.

SYLVIA: I am very serious. His name is Bob. He needs me, Steve. I'm sorry.

STEVE: Wait a minute, Sylvia --

SYLVIA: Goodbye, Steve. I will never forget you.

(SYLVIA hangs up and exits, door right. Fade out.)



Laurie Gould

A L O N E

January 25. Journal entry number one.

I am Robert H. McGregor of the starship Ariel. My four counterparts are dead. It's ironic; I was greedy. I wanted to be the first human ever to walk on Mars. I had my helmet and my space suit firmly attached. Of course, I said I was only trying it on, making sure everything was in perfect order. Then something went wrong. Something didn't work, the ship wouldn't respond to manual control. We were in the last sequence before landing. I remember the fall, the beginning of a thunderous crash, myself losing a hand-hold, falling. Then nothing.

When I next awakened, just twenty minutes ago, I immediately realized that both of the Ariel's air tanks had ruptured, leaving no air for my counterparts to breathe. Because I was wearing my spacesuit, I had plenty of air. There are five other suits, including an emergency suit. It will be terrible to change air tanks and suits with no air in the ship, but I must.

We never thought anything would happen, we were totally unprepared for a malfunction. The Ariel was a special ship. She was the only one of her kind. She was the sum of all the knowledge that the United States had to give space transportation vehicles. She was beautiful, and said to be the perfect ship. Though I'm no expert, she must have been built quite well. But with faulty parts.

I guess my friends and I were just eager astronauts looking for an adventure. And now they're dead and I'm here. I guess I wouldn't know who to blame anyway, and even if I did know, who could I tell?

I've been thinking about how much I am already missing so many people. As I stare out of the main observation window at the mesmerizing red dusts of the martian terrain, I recall all the wonderful times I had with my family: my wife Caryn, my kids Sandra and Danny. I remember times like the day I married Caryn, the days my two children were born; so many memories flooding my mind...of when I was a kid becoming a teenager. I never thought I would miss those times, but I do. But then, I've never come this close to dying. I feel cold. I have nowhere to go, nothing to look forward to. I don't know how to feel. There's no reason and no way to put up a fight. Soon I will run out of air. Just thinking about that leaves me empty, wishing for companionship. I miss everything, but mostly I miss life, which passes away with every breath, with every word I speak.

Maybe someday someone will come, and be luckier than I and my companions. Maybe no one will ever come. It doesn't matter. I give up. I cannot bear the pain of living with death at my side, alone.

Richard Wallace

Camper's Dialogue

As the sun rose over New Milford Connecticut, it glistened upon the trees and houses. It shivered its rays of warmth over the country and town as the day opened. The birds started singing quietly in their tenor tweets. An occasional baritone butted in. The crickets rubbed their legs together like bows rubbed on violin strings. Suddenly the kettle drum boomed to the end the symphony, although the drum was a gong belonging to Buck's Rock creative work camp, the setting of our story.

Welcome to Buck's Rock creative work camp. Buck's Rock is a very nice camp located two miles away from the center of New Milford. It is peaceful and quiet before the gong rings. After that, however, workers begin their activities over the camp, employing themselves upon projects they have started sometime during the summer. As the hours pass the hands on the clock begin to reach ten o'clock. I needed a break so I went to my bunk, took a few dollars from my collection, and went to sign out.

I walked down the Buck's Rock road a few yards. The road was hilly and bumpy and very dangerous for walking. I began to sense a presence behind me. My sixth sense was really humming as the minutes ticked by. I tried to fight the urge to turn around. I could fight it no longer. Slowly I turned around, praying nobody was behind me, or that it was not someone who was not sociable. He was a short little child, with a fat little face and a big smile.

"Hi" he said.

"Oh, hello" I replied, frowning.

"So where ya goin?"

"Meat Market" I replied, hoping to close the conversation, and be on my way.

"Me too" he said brightly.

"That's nice, have fun."

"How much money do you have?" he inquired.

"Three dollars, but what business is it of yours?" I snapped.

"I just wanted to know" he said innocently.

"How much do you have, by the way?" I only asked this question to annoy him so he wouldn't be so overly sociable.

"Oh, enough" he said insecurely.

"Good, what are you going to buy?" I asked.

"s-s-soda and c-c-candy" he said, stuttering. "Leave me alone and stop cross-examining me!" he yelled defensively.

"I'm sorry if I aroused your temper. What are you going to do, steal something?" I asked jokingly.

"Buzz off!" he screamed.

"I was only joking"

"Well I wasn't"

"O.K. sorry" I said, as he started to cry.

"Hey, what's wrong?" I asked.

"Everything."

"Best of luck sorting your life out." I decided I'd had enough of this conversation.

"I have no money. I'm going to steal."

"Steal?"

"My friends put me up to it."

"What did they do? Threaten you?"

"Yes. They said that if I'm afraid to steal I'm a chicken and they don't hang around with chickens."

"Then don't."

"What? They are all the friends I've got in this camp." He looked like he was going to start crying again any minute.

"I know it's not easy, but ya gotta be tough." I tried to put on my best tough guy face.

"Yea, but..." he stammered.

"Yea, but the heck with 'em. When you have friends who make you go against your morals you don't need enemies."

"What do you mean?" He looked puzzled.

"I mean if I had friends like that I'd drop them like hot cakes."

"But then they'll do mean things to me, like break my arm."

"What?!" I couldn't believe what he was saying.

"They got big fists!" By this time he looked scared to death.

"They have bigger mouths. The same thing happened to me last month. Don't be fooled by their lies." He looked at me as if I were half prophet, half crazy man.

"Are you serious? If you are I'm going to drop them. I don't need jerks like that."

"Now you're talking!"

We stood there for a moment.

"Would you lend me some money?" he asked timidly.

"Gladly."

Saul Streit

THE RIDER

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"Kevin, don't go too far!" Lindsay stood at the top of the slope, calling to her brother.

"I'm not!" was the typically vague reply given. The boy's blond head reappeared from behind a fallen log. He crawled around on the ground a minute, then with a sudden lurch, jumped up and was off again, bounding through the forest, dead leaves crunching beneath his feet. Lindsay felt ready to lunge after him and drag him back to the campsite, and have this stupid picnic by herself. No exception. It would have been fine if Kevin hadn't decided to join her. However, she knew she'd never catch him, and he wasn't in any great danger. He'd be back. As soon as he discovered he was hungry, he'd be back.

Lindsay sat down on a rock with a sigh, staring off toward the deserted horse trail, wishing summer hadn't really come to an end. Red yellow, orange, and even a few leftover green leaves were changing with the season; browning, falling dead to the ground. Only a week ago the colored leaves held a magnificence, but now all they did was remind her of the Autumn to come. The peacefulness that had taken place during the months of July and August had vanished, and in its place lay the tension for the return to the city and the start of school.

The checkered red and white blanket spread across a slate of rock, Lindsay began to unpack the brown paper bag full of food. Jelly sandwiches, canteen full of iced tea, paper cups, napkins, potato chips, cookies, watermelon and nectarines. As she spread the delicacies out upon the blanket, Lindsay listened hard for some sort of bird to chirp, or frog to call. She needed something to break the stillness.

When the food was ready to be eaten, Lindsay knew she'd better call for Kevin or a parade of attacking ants would reach it first. With another deliberate sigh, she stood up, brushed herself off and yelled, "Kevin, time to eat!" Her voice echoed through the forest, breaking the silence. In a few short leaps, Kevin stood at the bottom of the slope; then scrambled up it. Without a word, the two began to eat. The meal was cleared away in silence. Then, a few cups thrown back into the bag, crumbs scattered on the ground, the blanket rolled up, and Kevin vanished off again.

Now that the food had been eaten, Kevin wouldn't be back for at least an hour. That gave Lindsay time to think a little, and to observe the forest for the last time till next summer.

Lindsay wondered what would happen to her this winter. Making friends, readjusting to city living, and all the time wishing she could live here forever.

Then she saw them. They were just beyond the hill, almost hidden by some branches. A horse and rider. The horse stood

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proud and tall, a dark bay, his mane rippling in the breeze. The rider sat bareback, holding the reins in tightly clenched fists, gazing intently toward the hill. Lindsay sat, frozen, daring not to move. She didn't want to ruin the perfect picture they made. The two of them framed by the brush and overgrowth. It was a magical picture. The horse lowered his head, then raised it again, stepping backward slightly, as if sensing Lindsay's presence. Suddenly, he faced her, dipping his head. The rider gave the horse a pat on his sweaty neck. In straightening herself, she noticed Lindsay sitting quietly on top of the hill. Both girls looked into each other's eyes, each receiving an understanding of the other. Through the crystal blue irises, Lindsay saw loneliness; the need for a friend. No conversation was needed. The rider's farewell was only an expression. Suddenly, she gave the horse a jab with her heels, and they took off, continuing down the trail, sailing over a pile of brush in the way.

Lindsay sat motionless for a while, not sure of what she expected next. When nothing happened, she stood up and shook her head, clearing her mind. Retrieving the bag, she called out, "Hey, Kevin, c'mon, let's go!"

Suzanne Trott

FACADE

There is a very outgoing personality I know. She is an extrovert to the point of being dangerous. When asked a question, she answers solely to please the people around her. A simple "yes" or "no" answer would never do. Every explanation or description she gives is filled with expletives, innuendos, and obvious half-truths. "Maybes" are stretched to "yes's" or "no's," whichever best fits the situation.

Most people don't realize that under this personality lies a very sensitive, intelligent person. This person is buried under the facade in order to please those whose friendships and approval seems important to procure. This person is actually dwarfed as life goes on and the enormity of the facade increases. This person hopes to someday find someone who will see through it and capture the real person's essence and mettle.

There is a very outgoing personality I know. But she is not a real person. She lives within us all, thriving on our will and strength.

"It is better to be silent and
thought a fool than to speak
and remove all doubt."

-Abe Lincoln

Sheryl Rapee

SYENNE

In a crammed-up orphanage, in Russia, fifteen children made their way up a long, narrow hallway. A nasty lady shoved them into bed.

"Get in bed ya little brats" she screamed. They all washed and got under their torn blankets. Fourteen of them fell quickly asleep. The fifteenth child was the oldest among them. Syenne was twelve years old. As she sat up in bed, staring at her "dusting" wardrobe, she thought about her future.

When Syenne was born, in a shtetl during a pogrom, her family was worried and depressed. They were broke and being threatened by the Czar, as was every Jewish family. Soldiers on horseback had broken into their home. They took away her fourteen year old brother and many of her family's belongings. Afterwards, on the cold dirt floor of the shabby house lay a torn-apart cat, with four dead kittens next to it. Syenne's parents had been killed. In a small dark corner of the room lay a new baby and a black furry new kitten. By chance, two nuns came by and found her and the kitten hidden. And here she was, grown now, with the black cat at the foot of her bed. Syenne called her Twink. The strange thing about Twink was the furless marking on his forehead. It was shaped like a Jewish star. Syenne knew she couldn't stay at the orphanage her whole life. She had decided to run away, that night. She got out of bed quietly and slipped on a pair of the little boy's pants. She then put on a bulky shirt with a large pocket to put Twink into. She got on her brother's old cap and left to seek her family.

It was sunrise now and the sky was filled with pinks, reds and purples.

"We have to move fast, Twink, it's almost light," Syenne said to her cat. She was getting lonelier by the minute.

Suddenly, an idea came to her. Syenne listened to a church bell in the town she was passing through. As she walked up the path that led to the town's church, her mind began to fill with hope. Syenne walked up to the big stained-glass windows and rang the doorbell. The door opened slowly and a kind-looking old woman dressed in black appeared. Syenne was scared stiff. She couldn't stop staring at the nun.

"Helen! Come quickly! It's a child." Another nun came to the door. They brought her inside and gave her something to eat.

"Have some tea child it is good for you!"

As the tea poured down her throat, she felt warmer. Syenne kept her hands around the antique iridescent cup and saucer. Her hands were movable once again and the calluses in her finger joints softened. She spread butter on a soft roll; it was a joy to have food that tasted good. She was still frightened, but more secure now, knowing that the nuns were wonderfully kind and affable people.

"Please say something dear, what is your name?"

"My name is Syenne," she said. "This is Twink."

The cat popped his head out of the pocket in Syenne's shirt. Twink stared at a dark corner in the church. Suddenly, he jumped out of Syenne's pocket and raced to it. A mouse scampered across the floor with Twink close behind.

"Helen, what's going on?" A nun came running from a door on the opposite side and tripped over Twink.

"Oww!"

"Oh, no! I'm so sorry. Are you okay?"

The nun looked up at Syenne, with Twink in her arms.

"I'll be all right Here is your cat," the nun said. "My name is Mother Anne. What is yours?"

"I'm Syenne," she said, with her courage back.

"Are you sure you'll be okay?"

"Yes. Your cat looks strangely familiar," Mother Anne said.

"I came here to seek some help. I ran away from an orphanage."

"What was it called, dear?"

"Um, I wrote it down in my hat. Let's see. Here it is. St. Johns orphanage. It is the worst, run down, cluttered, dirty place."

Syenne felt tears rolling down her cheeks.

"I'm trying to find my family." Her head was low. Twink was rubbing against the nun's ankles, purring.

"Syenne, let me see your cap, dear."

She gave it to Mother Anne. Anne took out the inside lining of the cap. Her eyes were filled with joy. Syenne did not understand what was happy about her situation.

"What have you found, Mother Anne?" Helen said.

"How old are you Syenne?" Mother Anne inquired.

"I'm twelve."

"This is the child that I rescued twelve years ago." Mother Anne's voice was filled with awe. The letter inside Syenne's cap said:

"Dear child,

"I have taken you from your plundered home in a shtetl in Odessa. I brought you to St. John's orphanage, finding your parents and brother dead. All that was left alive in the house was you and a black kitten with a furless star spot on its forehead."

Syenne started to cry.

"Now where do I turn to? I'm not going back to the orphanage."

"Why, dear, you can stay with us," they all said.

"I love you all very much but I can't. I would always be thinking about another shtetl getting robbed and the people getting killed. I think maybe I'll stay on the road. Perhaps Twink and I can help others."

Syenne kissed the nuns, took Twink in her pocket with a new basket full of food and started walking. She walked out of each town and into new towns helping people as she went along.

Sari Levine

Huckleberry and Robinson

A fly buzzed around Tim's head. He waved his hand around at it and pushed a tuft of frizzy brown hair out from in front of his face. His deep, imaginative brown eyes unfocused and he slipped back into the fantasy world where, lately more than ever, he passed his time. His fishing rod and reel became a vine with a rock sinker and a hand-carved wooden hook. His clothes became rags, and his shoes disappeared. The rock off which he fished became a deserted island, and he was Robinson Crusoe. The fish nibbling now and then on his line became crucial to his existence: no fish, no supper. He was a born romantic.

Last summer he had played a medley of Tolkein, Tom Sawyer, Space Odyssey, Tarzan, and Robinson Crusoe every day; he and Bob. Bob lived in the house next door, across the picket fence. They had dressed up in overalls, kicked off their shoes and built a river raft of spare planks. They had carved branch swords. They had even built a tree house. They had adopted Southern accents and straw hats, Old English and magical spells, primitive language and invisible tree vines. Tim would spot bandits armed with laser pistols, and Bob would scurry up to the highest reaches of a tree to ambush them. Tim would climb up after Bob, though he'd only make it half as high. Then together they'd defeat them all, Bob climbing down to finish off the last one hand-to-hand. Tim hadn't fought any bandits today. Taking on bandits single-handedly was no fun. Bob hadn't come adventuring yet this summer.

Tim was lost in thought. Serious thought this time. He had overheard all of the popular guys planning to head for the pizza parlor with a group of girls that evening. Bob had asked Tim, out of politeness, if he had wanted to come. Tim had felt out of place in that crowd and gracefully bowed out. Had he made a mistake? Had he missed his big chance to get in with the right people? He knew Bob had asked him to come along just to be polite. Nobody really wanted him along.

Several more flies circled the rock beside Tim's dangling feet for a moment, and then flew away. Tim heard a noise behind him and turned around with a start. It was just a chipmunk running from tree to tree. Tim felt something on his line, something big. His problems melted away as, with the utmost caution and an excited smile, he pulled in a rainbow trout nearly 18 inches long.

Bob stood in front of the mirror in his room. His hair was light brown with golden highlights, and he was trying to feather it in the back the way all the girls liked it. He had spent the whole day with Joe Taylor. Joe, who Susan, Jill, and Jennifer (a trio who called themselves "Charlie's Angels") had each separately asked to the Sadie Hawkins dance. Joe, who had made the starting team in football, basketball, and baseball. They had spent the day at Joe's house. Joe had wanted to go hunting with his sling-shot, but Bob had talked him out of it. Instead they listened to Joe's Grateful Dead tapes, talked about girls and sports. The day had dragged by. Bob was bored, and wanted to ask Tim to come over too, but he knew Joe hated Tim. He stayed at Joe's all day and pretended to be enjoying himself as much as Joe was. After all, any friend of Joe's got invited to all the parties.

A squirrel darted along a branch beneath Bob's windowsill, paused a moment, and then continued on. Bob was suddenly fed up with his hair. It hadn't looked right feathered back. It wasn't him. He didn't care if girls couldn't resist hair worn that way (Joe had told him that.) Bob brushed his hair back the way he had always worn it. He went to his window and peered out on the early evening. The squirrel up the oak tree in Tim's yard. the one they had built the tree house in. The squirrel disappeared behind a clump of leaves and reappeared in the tree house window, and Bob thought if stared right at him. He fell into reminiscences of the adventures he and Tim once had there. It had been fun. They would have to fix it up again. His little brother was big enough to play in it, and Tim's little sister would be lithe enough to climb the rope ladder in a year or so. A light came into his eyes at the thought of going up there again. Just to fix it up, of course.

Bob had always said that there was a proper way to return from a successful fishing trip, and Tim had memorized the routine, step by step. He marched into the house, leaving his gear leaning up against the door frame. He did not immediately announce his great success to his parents. Instead, he merely slipped off to the kitchen with the trout. After he had cleaned it and filleted it, he opened all the kitchen doors and windows. Bob called it free advertising. Then, as the fish hit the frying pan, he began singing their victory song at the top of his voice. He wasn't quite sure what he'd do when he got to the really low notes, but he started singing anyway. Tim would wait for noses around the house to notice the aroma as it drifted in, hear the cheerful singing, and come over to congratulate the fisherman.

His voice began to slow down after a few minutes. No one had come. There must be no one home. His voice faltered on a low note, and he heard another voice join in to support him. He hurried to the window, his voice full of enthusiasm and back to full volume. Leaning head and shoulder out of the second floor bedroom window, peering down as he boomed in accompaniment, was Bob. The song finished with true fire, and Bob said, out of breath, "My God....I haven't sung that in a while."

Tim's smile faded, and he replied, "Yeah, I guess you haven't."

At this Bob's smile weakened too, and he said in an apologetic mumble, "I was just getting ready to go. I smelled your fish." He shook himself, as if ousting himself from a trance, and continued with forced cheer, "Say, what kind of fish is it, anyway? Smells like trout from here."

"Rainbow trout," said Tim with a proud smile.

"I was wondering maybe..." Bob's voice trailed off and he looked down at the ground and then at Tim with searching eyes. In the ensuing silence, the wind rustled in the leaves.

Something clicked inside Tim's head as he stared at Bob. "I was going fishing again tomorrow. Would you want to come?"

Bob smiled and nodded. He looked happy and relieved. Tim continued with mounting enthusiasm, "We could even bring the raft. I still have it. You really need two people to carry it to the lake." He was far too excited now to notice the thin grey smoke that floated from the kitchen behind him. "You catch much better fish when you go out on the raft. Remember that one we caught last summer?"

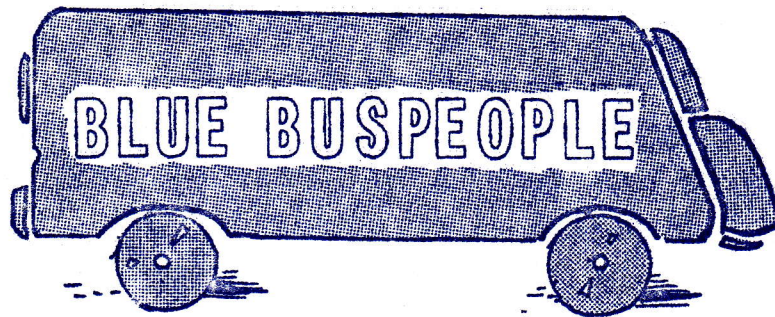
Bob said, "That one weighed six pounds! How big is the one you caught today?"

Tim turned about to hold up the fish and coughed in the smoke. He turned off the burner and put the charred fish in front of the window. "That big," he said with a laugh and a whimper mixed together. The both laughed and Bob said, "Since you're out one fish, would you reconsider coming for pizza?"

Tim looked up doubtfully and Bob made a gesture and a glance that they both understood. If Joe, or anyone, didn't like it, that was their problem.

"I didn't feel like sitting home tonight anyway," said Tim. What was there to lose?

Amy Bruckman



I love wearing sunglasses while sitting on the bus because I can see through to the seated people, but they can't see me. The woman with the Oh-rbachs shopping bag; Oh-how scandalous sunglasses inside the bus are. The girl my age dressed in uniform; she thinks I'm ridiculous. The dizzy blond with a screaming kid; just glances away. The nervous woman with stringy hair covering her darting eyes -- two panes of blue plastic stare at them, making them squirm, adjust their hair, or look out the window pretending to see if it's their stop -- even if they just got on. Studying the buspeople objectively, to remember distinct characteristics usable in the stories that I never finish. When inspiration hits me to start a story, I evaluate my closet spiral notebook collection to choose my favorite one: porous paper for my felt-tip pens and a smooth feel on my fingers and face; taking out all the pens I own in the world and scribbling with each one; making piles of the "good" and the "bad"; creating a color chart of all my different writing utensil options; hours of flipping through the phone book until I find my character's name and writing that name over sheets of my notebook paper in different handwritings and each of the pens. When deciding on the plot, talking out possibilities to myself, I become Pamela Becker sitting on the bus behind blue glasses, letting the events happen to re-enact them on paper. I begin to feel slightly neurotic and very crazy and abandon the story of Pamela for fear of schizophrenia. I sit behind panes of blue after abandoning one and scan the buspeople for others not like myself -- one that won't take over my thoughts -- deciding to sometime write about a bag lady with whom I cannot identify. Simple and complicationless. What do I look like from across the aisle -- a girl who thinks she's mod; oh, what a word -- suddenly embarrassment overcomes me and I giggle uncontrollably; I know that absolutely everyone has their eyes on me. Seeing the sky a darker blue from the rest of the world, I feel unique and in the mood to stomp in puddles. Ah, the need for sneakers that don't get soggy in the rain. The city feels quiet even though it sounds noisy as we drop our heads to our feet upon passing another pedestrian. Habitual withdrawal even with sunglasses on. That wonderful feeling of invisibility and being able to do or be absolutely anything without being noticed is a street feeling. A bus feeling: being one of some twenty-five-odd strangers awkwardly shoved together for the ride, constantly stared at. The joy of sunglasses that allow you to be on the street while on the bus. But never vice versa. With sunglasses on the street I'm not too far away to notice the buspeople dropping bus fares down into the subway gratings.

Diane Debrovner

CAMP LIFE:
IN THE PROCESS

CAMP LIFE:
IN THE PROCESS

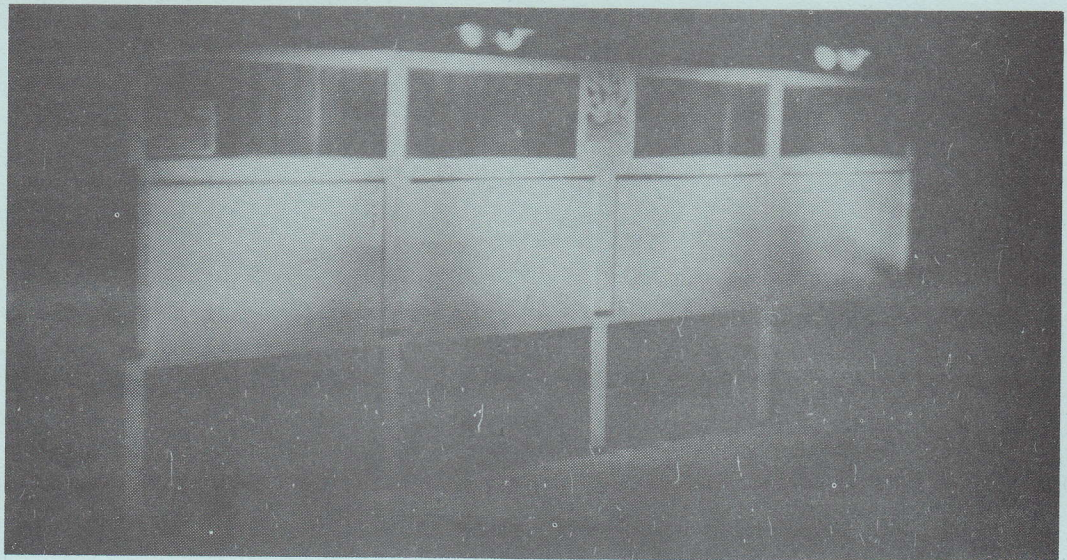
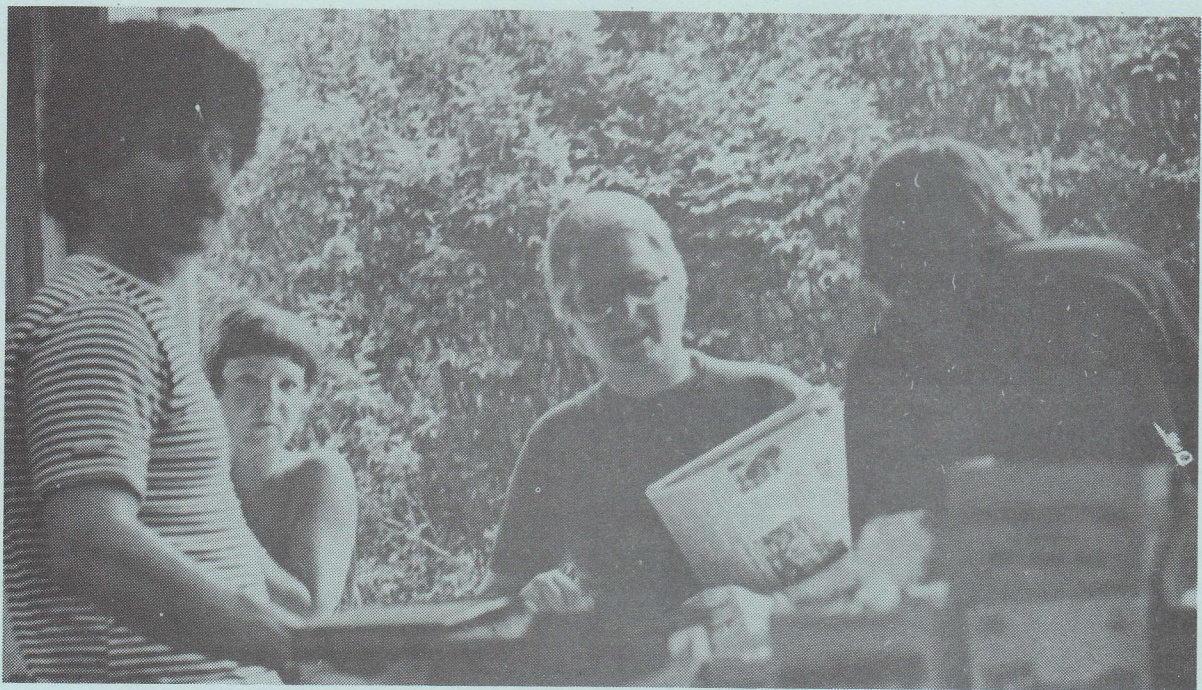
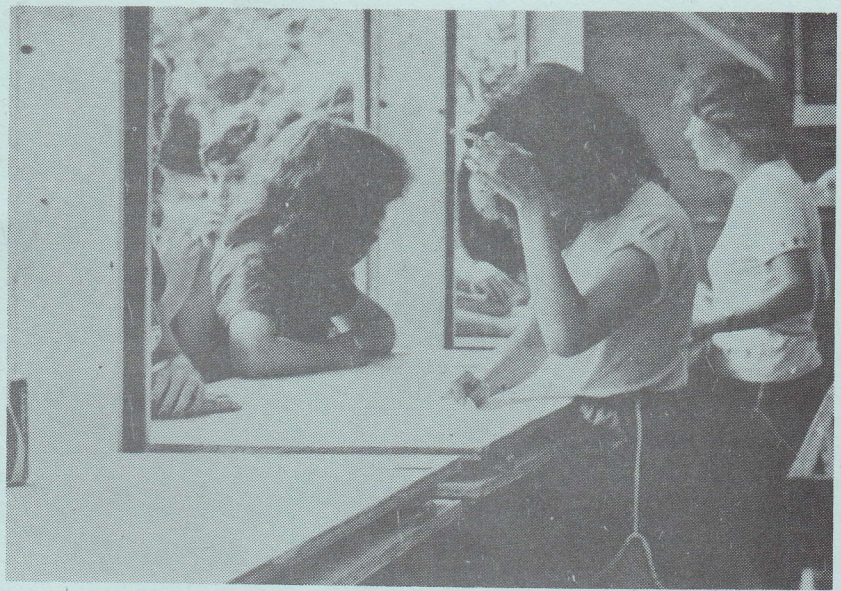
CAMP LIFE:
IN THE PROCESS

CAMP LIFE:
IN THE PROCESS

In the process of spending a summer at Buck's Rock, people are forced to live closely with their peers. Campers eventually learn to be less self-centered through sheer necessity. Living in a confined space with other people of a similar age is no easy task. Campers must be more cooperative to survive with their peers.

During a summer of living with people other than family, everyone becomes more emotionally mature. Seeing and comforting friends when they're upset or angry can help keep personal problems in perspective.

At the end of the summer, people will come home laden with extra bags filled up with projects and bursting with tales of the summer to tell friends and family. They will be a little changed, though it may not be noticeable. Undeniably, learning new skills and having a good time are both important parts of the summer, but that does not lessen the importance of the changes in people's personalities for which camp is responsible. There will be alterations in the portraits hanging in the gallery.







Pre-Season

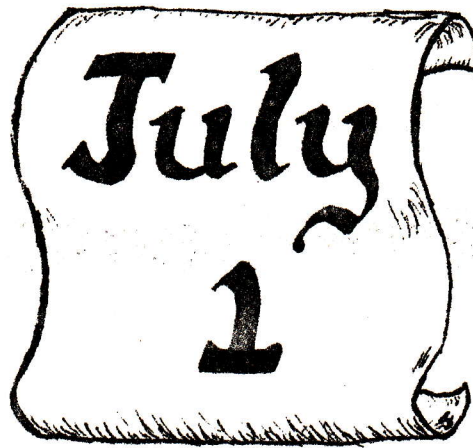
When I was deciding when, and for how long, I would go to Buck's Rock, I remembered having once stayed up all night. There was a certain sense of power involved in being awake before everyone else, a feeling that you had a head start on everybody. I thought pre-season would be something like that.

I arrived slightly teary-eyed, on June 28th. While the weather was unrelentingly wet and depressing, it was exhilarating to wander down memory lane and adjust to new faces on old back-grounds. Soon, however, I began to miss the people. After all, institutions (camps, colleges, etc.) are made up of people. The camp would have appeared the same as last year if it weren't for the desperate loneliness of the empty buildings, if it weren't for the lack of people.

As I settled into my new room, choice bed and limited space, the campers descended like locusts. For a brief period, confused by claustrophobia and less attention, I wished myself back in those lonely pre-season days. In a few days the confusion died down, noises became familiar and people found their places.

I had been at Buck's Rock before most campers. I had watched the organization of a camp. It was not unlike a sunrise.

Mandy Keifetz



The first time I heard about Buck's Rock was 2 years ago from friends. Everybody who had been here had a great time and only good things to say. "There's so much to do!" They give us so much freedom. Counselors are helpful. People are so friendly." Each comment was a rave. Each nicer and more complimentary than the last. If there were so many people, and different kinds of people, who liked Buck's Rock so much, then I really wanted to know more about it.

I spent a lot of time thinking about Buck's Rock after hearing about it. Then last summer my mother came up to Buck's Rock to visit someone. The first thing she said when she got home was "You must see this camp. It is definitely the place for you!" No description, except that everyone was friendly, about the amount of shops and freedom, but no details. Except that this was the place for me. A place at least that I had to see.

I waited all winter. Finally July 1st was here and it was time for camp. The night before, I was so excited and nervous that I could hardly sleep. I walked around the house, had some cookies, turned on and off the T.V. about half a dozen times, and I must have checked my already packed bag at least ten times. I made sure I had everything, added two tops and another pair of jeans and took out one t-shirt I decided I'd never wear. I was so nervous that night I just did everything but sleep.

Finally, the sun began to rise and morning was here. I stayed in bed until almost 7:00. Then I gave it up and got dressed. I listened to the radio and found that it would be a clear, sunny day of close to 90 degrees. The nice weather was something good to have in my favor.

Then, at last, at 8:15 my parents were ready and we loaded up the car. Sleeping bag, duffel bag, suitcase, tennis racket, blankets, all into the trunk. Then we got into the car and were on our way.

As my mother read the directions to my father I kept trying to imagine what camp would be like. As we went from highway to roads all kinds of bad thoughts came to mind. I was constantly thinking only the worst things. "What if my bunkmates didn't like me? Would we get along? How would I know where to go? What if I got lost? Would I have anyone to talk to?" And my list went on and on as we got closer to camp.

About an hour and a half after we left, we arrived at Buck's Rock road and started up it. Up the narrow dirt road on my way to discovering a new experience.

There was only one person that I knew. My friend of 12 years, Francesca Pomerantz. Even she and I hadn't seen each other in quite a while, and I wondered if she'd changed a lot. Still I thought that knowing at least one person in my bunk would be nice, so we requested each other as bunkmates. Now, I began wondering if we'd be together and if we'd get along.

Francesca and I arrived within minutes of each other. We hugged and I knew we would remain friends for a long time.

When I got out of the car, which we had been directed to park on the soccer field, I was directed towards two people sitting on lounge chairs. "I'm Phyllis and this is Anita," one of them said. "We are your house counselors." Then she pointed towards a door. "This is Girls Terrace, and you are in bunk #78. It's the one closest to the bathroom." With that I walked up to the bunk. I didn't know what to expect. The name card on the door verified that Francesca and I would be in the same bunk, along with two other girls. One of my bunkmates walked out to me as I waited for my luggage to come up in the truck. She introduced herself to me as Tiffany and told me that she was from California and had flown in the day before.

By this time, as I got to see where I'd be living and with who, my fears were quickly turning into excitement.

While I was unpacking and getting settled, various Terrace girls walked in and out introducing themselves and asking if I needed any help. Now I don't remember who they were. There were just so many new faces and people.

When I was settled I wanted to see more of Buck's Rock than just the soccer field and Girls Terrace, so I walked with my parents in the direction of the shops. As I passed the lawn and ping pong tables and then the porch, I was watching the reunion for so many of the campers. Although this did make me feel a little "out of it" I was excited and anxious to soon be part of their fun.

As I made my way through each of the shops, from pottery, to metal, to glassblowing, pub, art, and all the rest, each amazed me more than the last. It was wonderful to watch the pre-season campers already working on their projects. In every shop, a counselor would introduce him or herself and tell me a little about the shop in a warm welcoming way. I couldn't wait to return to the shops and begin working.

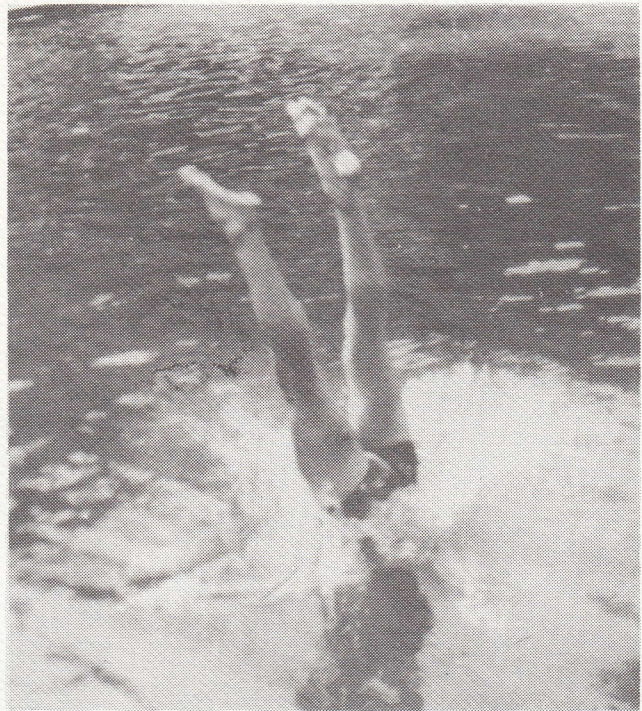
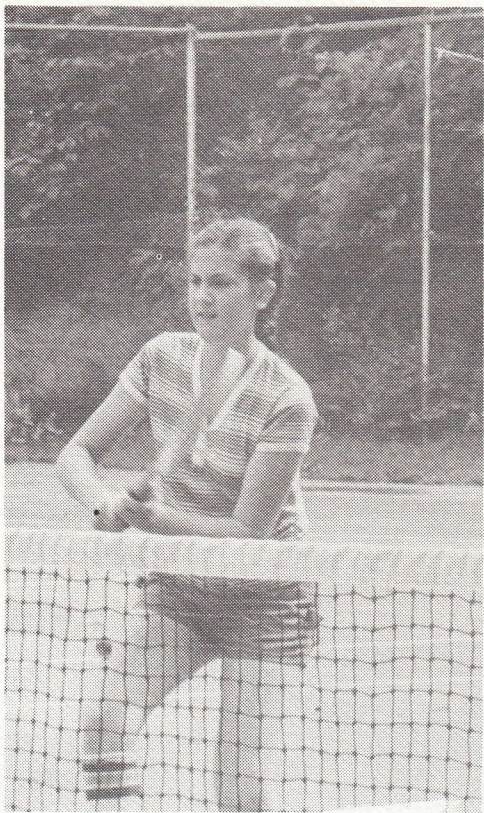
After seeing so many shops and people all day and then even more shops during the orientation the first night I was taken back and very overwhelmed. Luckily by the third day of camp, I felt more comfortable and into the swing of things. Once the first week passed, I think that I knew my way around as well as any of the old campers.

As late afternoon and early evening rolled on, my parents left and I was on my own in this amazing new environment. My summer had begun.

It wasn't until near 5:00 that the 4th member of our bunk showed up. She came in and began unpacking as we all introduced ourselves. We wanted to once again explore the camp. She didn't want to join us though. So Francesca, Tiffany and I changed into jeans as the sun went down and the warm day lowered to a comfortable cool. We walked out of the bunk, and in our attempt to find the dining room, made only one wrong move, but found it just fine. We sat there, until we were very shaken up by our first experience of the Buck's Rock gong. Then we went into the dining room with our numbers 117, 118, and 119 and had our first camp dinner, which we hardly ate because of nerves and excitement. After dinner we just sat on the lawn and talked and learned about each other.

Now that the summer is coming to an end, and everyone is running around finishing up projects, I like to look back over my summer. I can see how far I've come and how much I have learned. I have so many wonderful memories of experiences and acquaintances that I can think of on a dull winter day.

Teri Buch





First Day of Camp

"Well, we're here." I looked out the window at the scene in front of me. The field in which we had parked was crowded with cars and people. The latter were scurrying around carrying duffels, trunks, and suitcases to invisible bunks throughout the camp. It seemed like a huge dance to inaudible music. As I got out of the car, someone screamed, "Where does she belong?"

"Hey, kid, what's your name?"

"Edelson," my Dad said behind me, "Anne."

"Girls Terrace Cabins, 2L."

A small girl of indefinite age wearing a "Bovine Engineering, Buck's Rock 1979" T-shirt walked over to me. "Need any help?" she asked.

"Uh, yeah, where's the Girls Terrace Cabins?"

"At the end of the field. Terrace Two is the one with its back to the water fountain."

Following these bizarre instructions, I walked silently across the field, guitar in hand, my father beside me carrying my duffel bags. We reached the bunks: a row of doors, each with its own polished yellow metal handle and brown wooden door. I noticed my name, along with the names of the other three girls I was to live with for the summer, marked on an index card. Timidly, I opened the door, put my guitar down, and looked around the room. There were two bunk beds arranged so that they were sideways against the wall. Two of the beds, a bottom and a top, were already made up. I exchanged glances with Dad. "What next?" I wondered. I selected the last top bunk and, heaving my duffels into the room, began to unpack. Dad went to settle my account in the office. Clothes went on the top two shelves as you entered, guitar under the bed, personals to the left of the bed, also on the two top shelves. I was in the process of making my bed when a girl walked in, carrying a suitcase.

"Hi," she said. She was wearing an immaculate pair of jeans and a blue-and-white striped rugby shirt.

I smiled, in spite of myself. "Hi, what's up?"

She put down her suitcase. "Not much. Are you moving in here?"

"I'm already moved in, I sleep up there," I said, gesturing to my half-made bed.

"Oh," she started unpacking her suitcase. "Hi, I'm Jeannie."

"I'm Anne," I said, not quite at ease. "How long are you staying for?"

"Both months," she declared.

"Me too."

We were quiet for a moment.

"Where are you from?" I asked, not really caring to know.

"Jamaica, New York."

My head shot up quickly. "Wow, really! I'm from Jamaica! Where do you go to school?"

"Jamaica High, where do you go?"

"Jamaica High. Do you know Julie Holder?"

"Yeah, oh wow! Do you know Nina Lum?" She knew Nina, too!

"Anne!" My father yelled. "I've been trying to tell you I'm leaving now. Have a nice time." He kissed me.

"Yeah, Dad, sure." I turned back to Jeannie. "When is lunch?" I asked.

"At twelve."

"Wanna go together?"

"Sure," Jeannie replied.

My Daddy turned to leave. "Have a nice time," he yelled in a moment, slamming the car door.

I looked at Jeannie and smiled. "Don't worry, I will," I yelled back.

Anne Edelson

Bunk Life

GONG! GONG! GONG!

"Was that the gong?"

"No."

"Good!"

ZZ

It's 7:30 and all of us lazy bums have to get up. We go to breakfast at 8:00. But that's not worth talking about.

When we get back from breakfast we pick everything off the floor, or else the cleaning lady puts everything on our beds. Sometimes on our beds we find shoes, wet mildewed towels, smelly socks, and an assortment of other "nice" things.

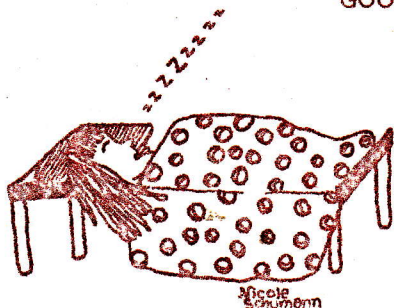
At 9:00 the work gong rings. (By this time our ears are getting numb.)

We go to the shops from 9:00 on and at noon we have lunch. By 1:00 we're totally exhausted. We all decide to take showers. As usual, however, there's no water! So we all decide to invent an activity together in the bunk. Some of the things we do are Chinese jacks, Family Feud, The Gong Show, Killer, and Pig.

At night we come back from the evening activity. Someone is usually upset about something and we all complain about the noise.

Soon the gong rings. It's now time for us to go to bed. Our counselors come in and kiss us good night. Tomorrow will be another exciting day at Buck's Rock.

GOOD NIGHT!!!



Nicole Schumann
Julia Mickenberg

Dungeons and Dragons

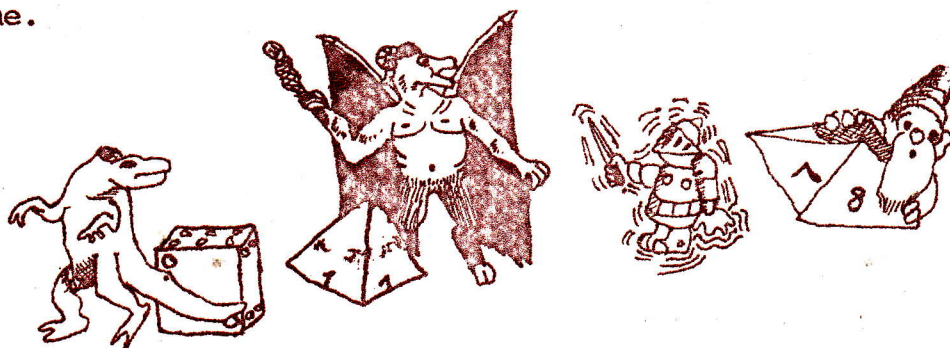


Dungeons and Dragons, the latest craze at Buck's Rock, has been one of the most controversial activities to hit Buck's Rock in the last few years. D and D, as it is nicknamed, is a game where each person gets a character by taking several roles of the dice. Once all players have their characters and equipment, they go through dungeons, towns, and mountains, which are run by the Dungeon Master.

The Dungeon Master (D.M.) has made a chart of the Dungeon, which no players see. In the dungeon there are several rooms, hallways, and traps. The D.M., on a separate piece of paper, has written down the size of each place, what it's made of, all of the secret doors, and of course, the traps and monsters. The players advance into these rooms looking for treasure. When stopped by a monster the player attacks the monster by rolling the dice. Each monster has a certain amount of rolls that can stop it, and the same holds true for a player. The object is for the player to escape the Dungeon without getting killed. A player can use the same character for many years by moving up through levels; while he is doing that, the dungeons and monsters are advancing as well.

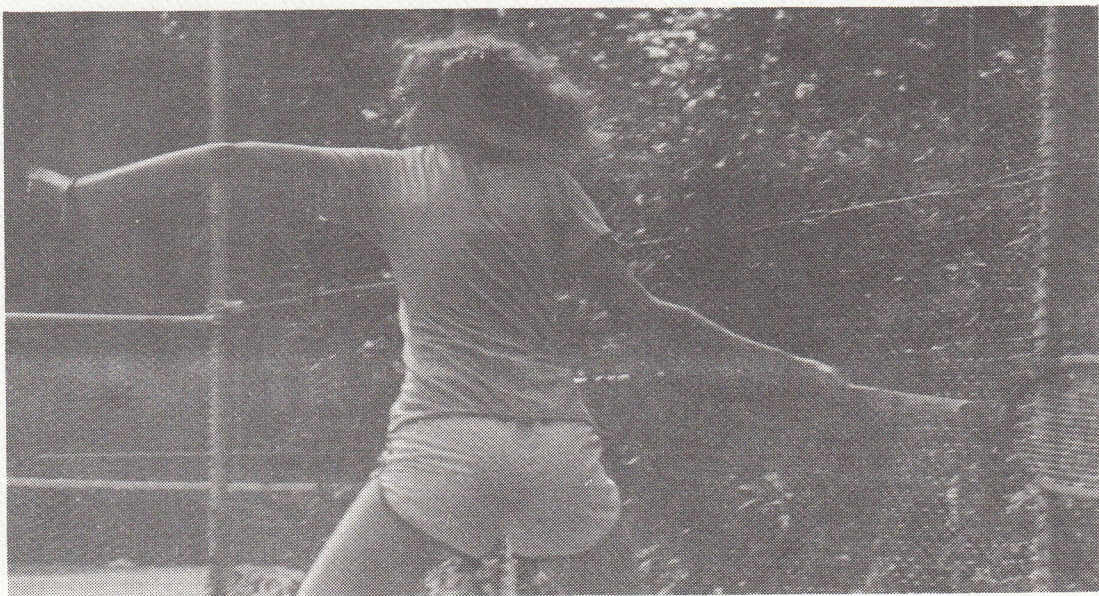
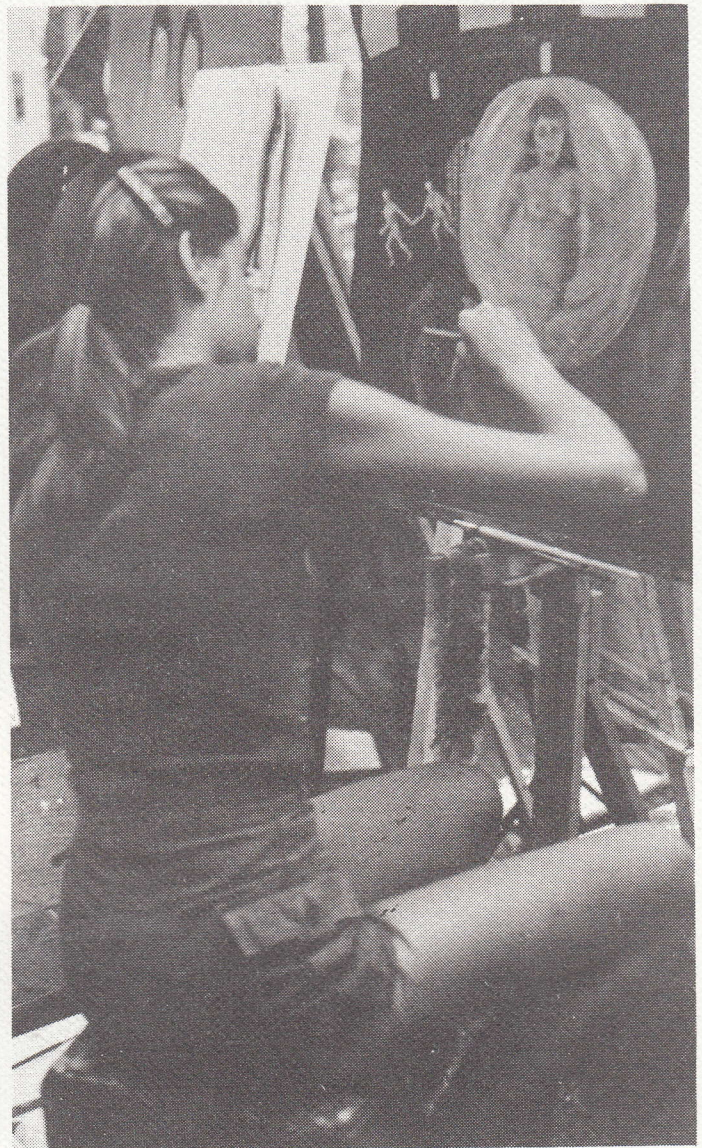
You ask, "How could that nice game cause a problem?" Easy! It's so much fun that some people have played this game all day long because Dungeons can last for weeks at a time.

On the day it was rumored that Sybil had banned D and D, a sit-in was organized to protest her decision. At lunch Sybil announced that she never intended to ban D and D but simply wanted people to stop playing during shop hours. The problem was resolved and the sit-in turned into a D and D game.



Ray Jasen



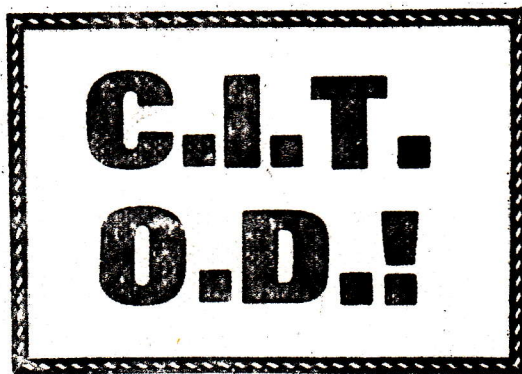




Four figures, lying huddled in a sloppy mass, grope nervously for a paper bag. The brown bag is wrinkled and worn, frayed and heavily textured where sweaty fingers have rubbed and grabbed at it. Rays of a midnight moon play on the bag, revealing its contents. A pair of quivering hands bring the bag up to steadily twitching lips, which reach out and suck onto the mouth of the bottle. Cold, sugary tea. Hot, sticky night. The drink shoots through his body like an icy dart, leaving behind a cool, menthol trail.

Slumping back on the bench, he melts once again into his fellow layabouts, as the tea ends its descent and settles in his stomach. The four snicker in unison when one of them imitates a particularly clumsy peer of theirs. The snide laughter dies down quickly and is cut off abruptly by the sharp intrusion of a BANG! The four boys, bolting up, stand with legs apart at a distance which enables them to retain both mobility and balance, fix their eyes on the bunk from which the noise came, and take long, stealthy steps forward. Moving with a stonelike caution, they proceed fearlessly, flashlights blazing in hand, for they are

(yes, it's another exciting episode of)



Eighty-two young men and women, willing to sacrifice their Sunday night sleep hours, willing to bear the barbs of insomniac campers, willing to place their lips upon any buttocks available in order to be chosen as J.C.s next year. They come in all shapes and sizes, and hail from all corners of the octagon. They may be short or tall, large or small; they may be veggies or glassblowers, actors or pubbies. It matters not, for whoever they are, it is their duty to uphold law and order in the bunks, and preserve the peace among the campers when lights go low. They are called upon to apply their services to a number of customers: the "but I really do have to go to the bathroom" hyperactives, the "oh please, but I've just got one more page in this comicbook then I'll put out my flashlight" midnight oil burners, and the "What? You mean this is the Girl's Terrace? Oh geez, I'm sorry " evildoers.

But on this particular eve, the problem is none of the above. It is instead one of those things which goes bang in the night. The bunk door slams open, and four tall figures, standing straight

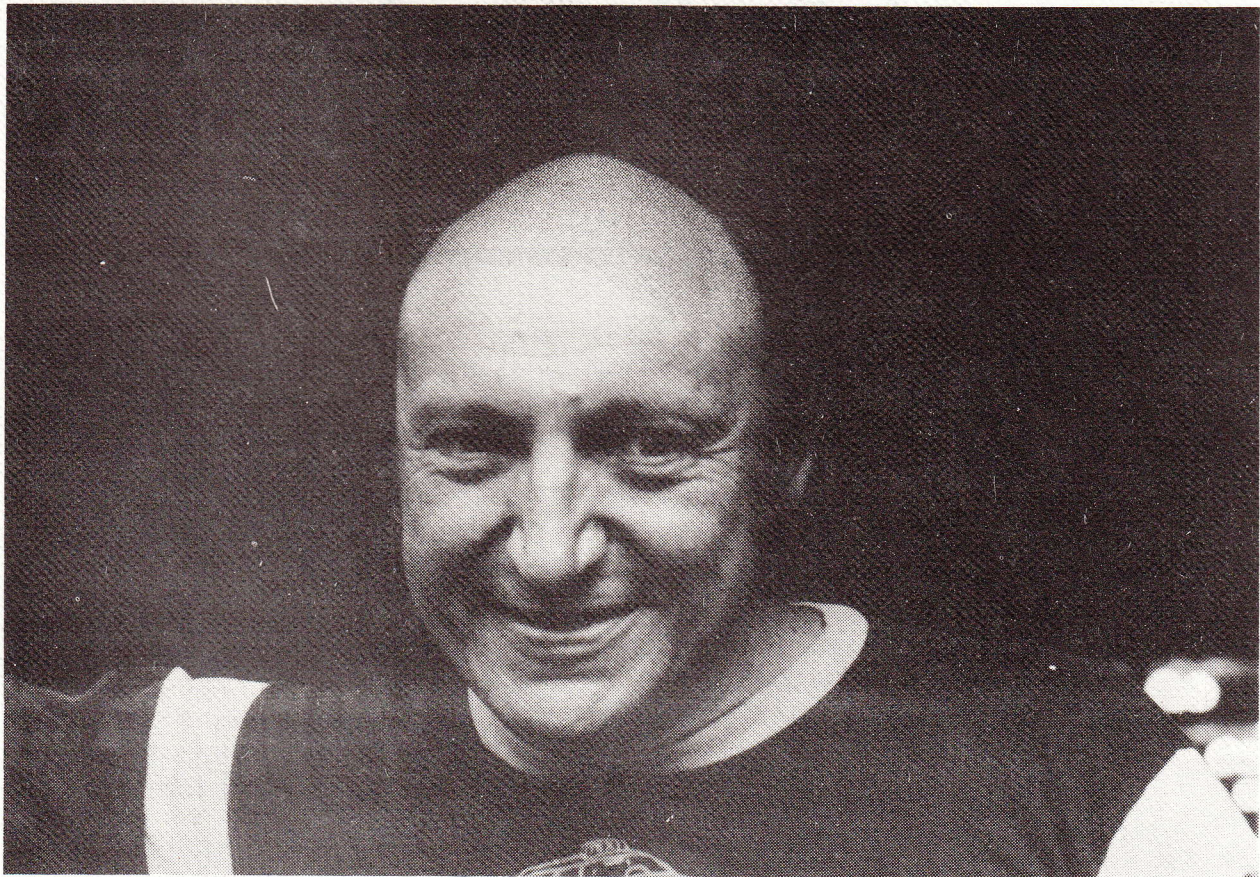
as flagpoles, enter. Their steps are short and rhythmic, and they wave their flashlights about the walls and beds, frantically searching for an answer. Zero. An empty bed. Zero. A small, pajamed figure sprawled upon the floor, snoring madly. Zilch.

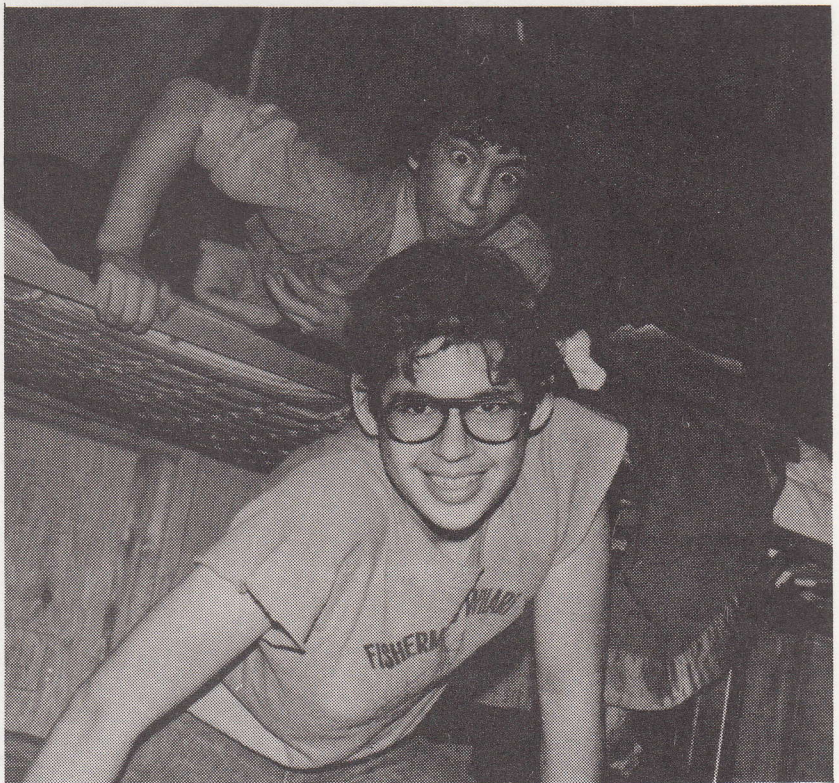
"Damn, just another kid falling out of bed during a nightmare. Pick him up."

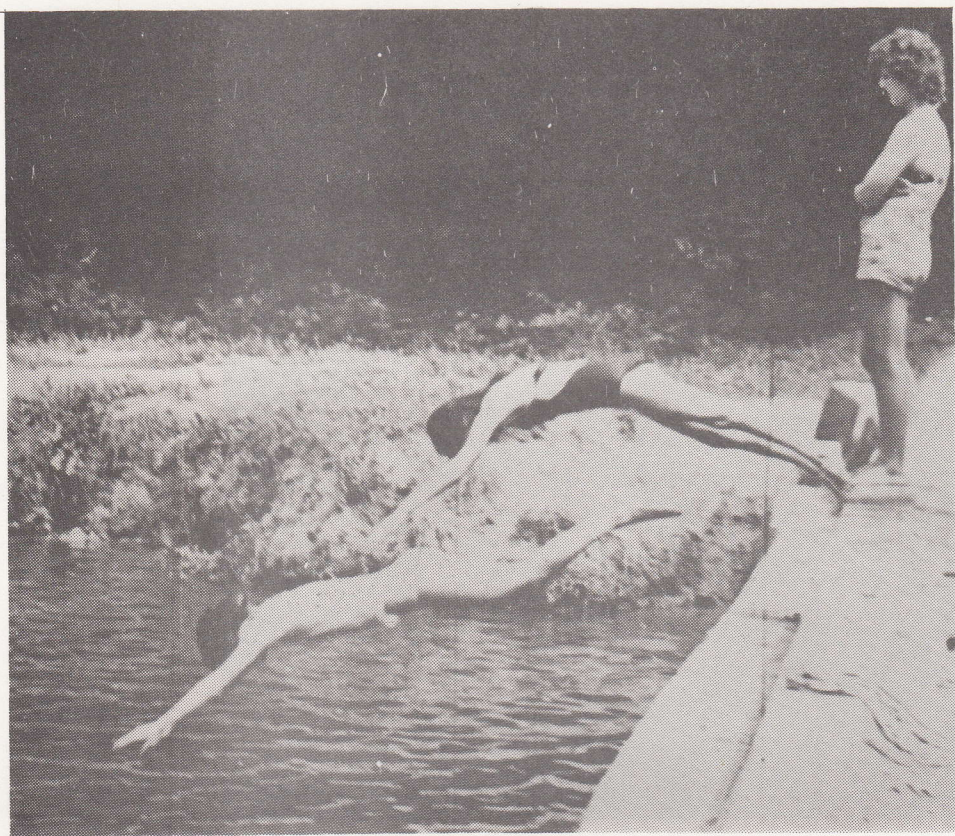
The four boys hastily (and hostilely) scoop the fallen child from the floor, and place him back in bed. They flick off their flashlights and file furtively out the door. The bench beckons them like a mother's arms, and they heed her call. Sleep comes easily. Yet almost before they drift off, the loud, joking voices of counselors returning from the staff meeting pop them back into reality.

Satisfied, knowing they've done their job well, they trudge back to their bunks, wondering what adventures await them next week...

Jeff Salamon







C.I.T. Trip

When I awoke that morning the first thing that ran through my mind was "NO WORK TODAY!" That's a really nice feeling to have, being a C.I.T. and not having to work either a morning or an afternoon. Today was our day. Finally, after being cancelled the previous week due to rain, we were on our C.I.T. trip. It was amazing how that morning (as opposed to all other mornings) we were out of bed before eight o'clock. We all suddenly had a burst of energy, out of nowhere. The people who were too sick to clean up shops the night before were miraculously recovered. Even Bernie woke us up with a "good morning" and a smile on his round face.

When we jumped out of bed the knapsacks came flying out, and in went our wardrobes for the day: bathing suits, suntan lotion, towels and radios for the beach, and sweatshirts and long pants for the amusement park at night. We all finished packing and had a good early breakfast, hearing Lou's announcements for the first time all summer.

We had about an hour to kill, so, of course, just about all of us went to give a quick look at our shops in operation without our presence. We said goodbye to our counselors and met up on the porch. We looked like a big gang of beach bums, dressed in our beach attire, and just hanging out. Then came the buses.

We excitedly boarded the buses, took our seats, and turned on the radios full blast. We were off to the beach, away from camp for the day. The hour-and-a-half bus ride was extremely relaxing, calmly listening to Neil Young and getting a chance to talk with your fellow C.I.T.'s about life and its many varied aspects.

We arrived at the beach, settled down, and by that time just about everyone was starving. Some of the guys helped Bernie carry the numerous cartons of food. We set up by putting the plates, knives, forks, and cups out, only to find that the kitchen forgot

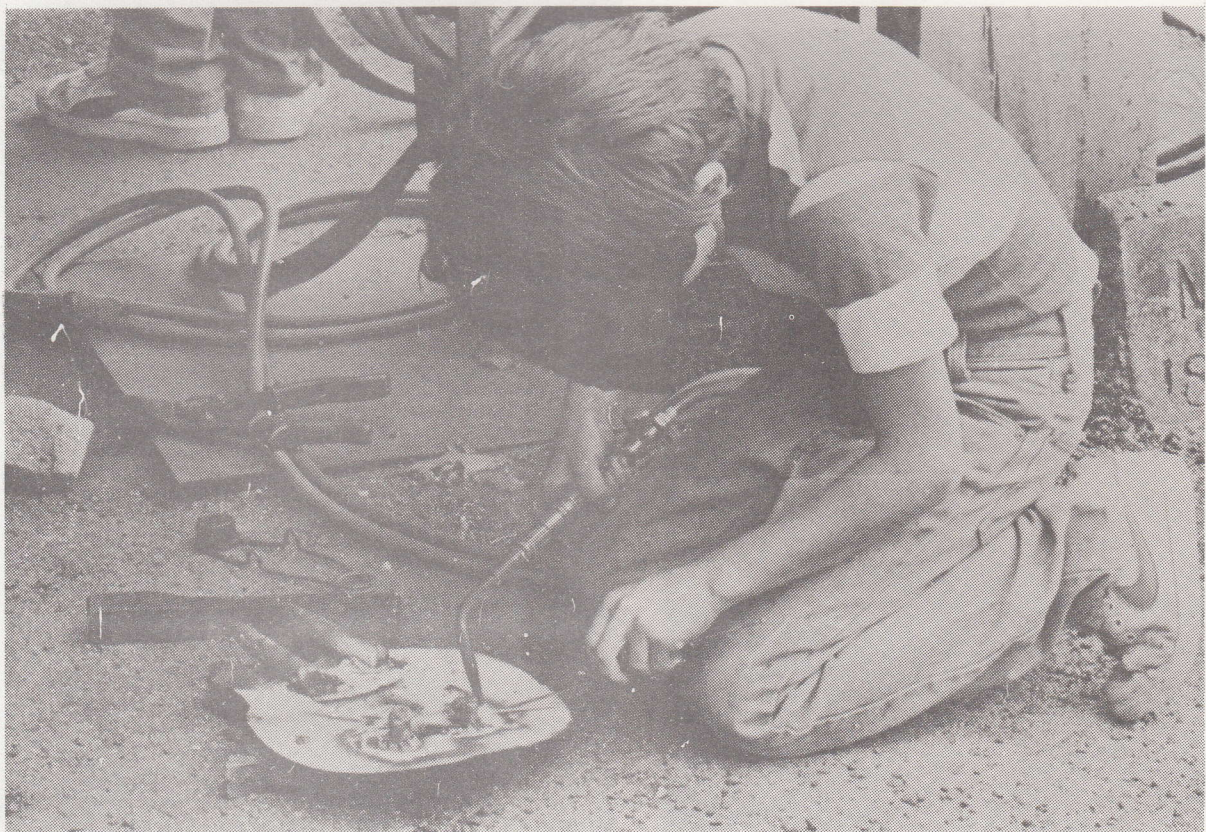
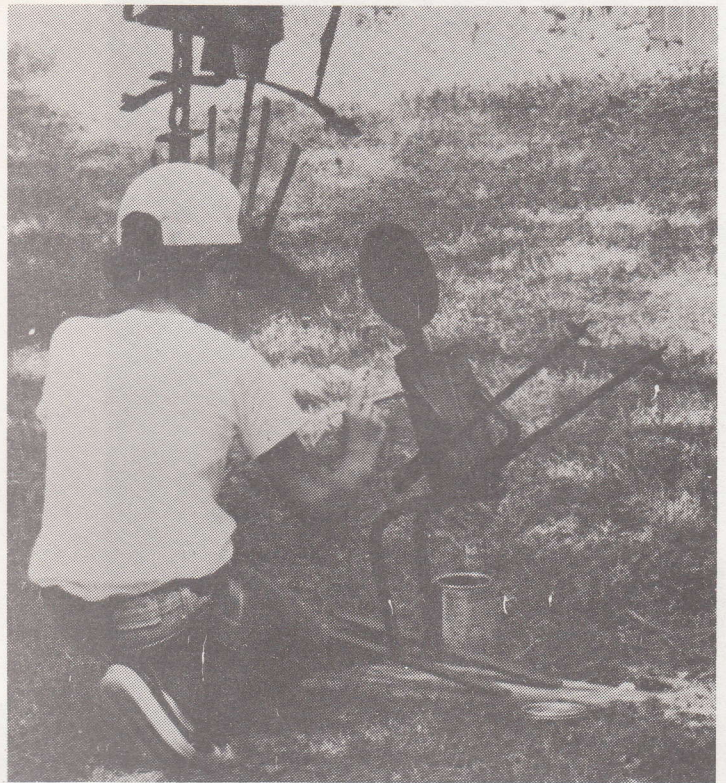
to give us the cold cuts for lunch. Well, the peanut butter and jelly wasn't all that bad.

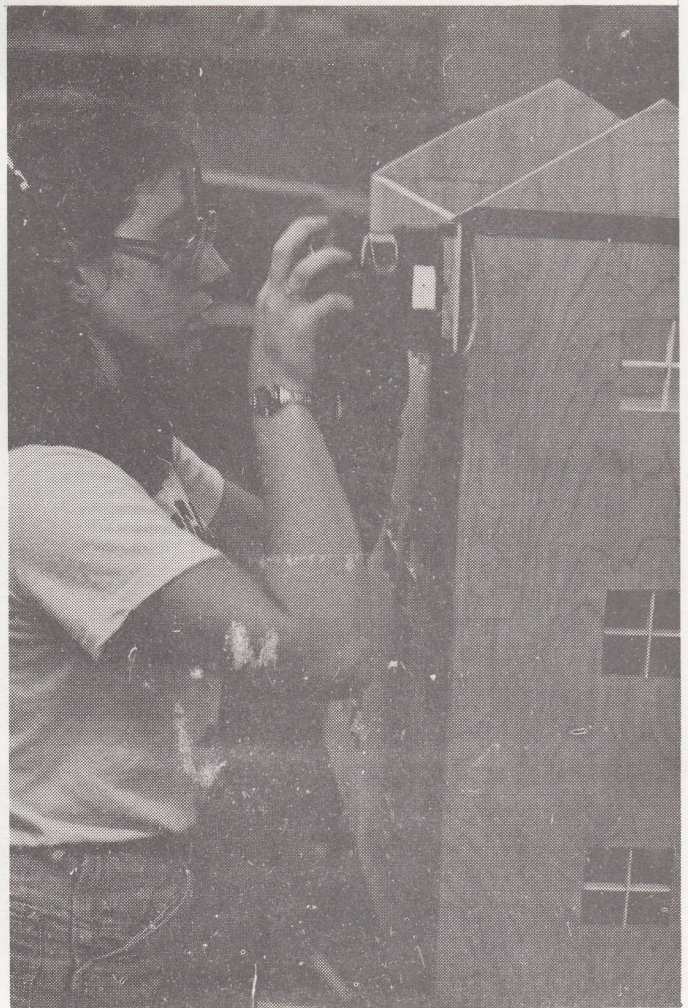
The rest of the day was great. The boys played football with Bernie, which was really a terrifying experience when he's on the other team. After the game we went swimming. Eventually Ady (the girl C.I.T. counselor) also swam, but it took four of us to throw her in. Later, while chef Bernie was cooking our steaks (yes, steaks) for dinner, we all got dressed for the Riverside Amusement Park. That Bernie is one hell of a cook.

We boarded the buses again, tanned two shades darker than when we had left, and headed off to Riverside. We walked around a bit, but by the time anyone had the chance to get on any rides we met up with heavy rain. Lots of rain. But that hardly dampened our spirits. We still went on all the rides, but came off them very wet. We played all the games, trying to win those big pink panthers and giant bears, and all our money rapidly diminished. By the end of the night our stomachs were jam packed with all the international foods, our clothes were soaked, and our pockets were empty. Most of all, our eyes were halfway closed from exhaustion.

I really enjoyed being with the C.I.T.'s that day. It was a special day put aside just for us. A warm comfortable feeling came from this trip which also brought a sense of closeness to all of us. I don't think I'll ever forget this trip or the C.I.T.'s who really make a difference in my summer. It was a great bunch of wonderful people this year that I had the opportunity to meet, and I will never forget them.

Ivan Halpern





Heat Wave

As the summer progressed, a situation developed from which nobody escaped: the heat wave. As the temperature and humidity rose, so did tempers. Over the blasting of WBBC could be heard angry heat-induced shouts. "You can deslipsisheet, then I'm going swimming!"

"What do you mean your dye evaporated?"

"I'm dying of thirst, and all we get is melted Jello!"

"To hell with the last 578 copies of this run!"

"How do they expect me to play this flute with my legs sticking to the seat?"

Along with these were other, more graphic exclamations. These, however, were censored by the Virgin Pub.

As the heat intensified, a few devoted campers continued working in the shops. Most, however, went swimming, or futilely attempted to take showers, using up the camp's precious water pressure. This soon became the subject of many announcements thus causing even our ears to suffer.

Just as it began to seem as though the broiling days would never end, we had a welcome thunderstorm. And another. It rained on and off for a week. One morning we woke up freezing. Everyone's hopes were up for a cool day. No such luck. By ten o'clock the temperature was in the eighties; by two o'clock, the ninties. Nobody was suprised. After all, what did we expect; a cool day in July? As we suffered through each day only one thought penetrated our minds...COOL OFF. This, however, was not easy. Temperatures in the high ninties are not easy to ignore, and soon it hit the one-hundreds.

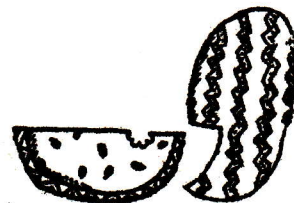
Living in one-hundred-two weather wasn't easy. People were collapsing on the lawn, dehydrating from lack of bug juice, living twenty-fours hours a day in the shower, and Lou was getting frantic about the dwindling water supply.

"We must not waste water!" blared the P.A. Papers were issued at breakfast with explicit instructions on how to conserve water. We then suffered with one shower a day, unflushed toilets, and dirty delicates.

Oh well, don't they say it always snows the winter after a hot summer?

Suzy Soffler

THE MAJOR LEAGUE OF



The 1980 Buck's Rock Allstars are still battling each other in a race for the title. There are 6 teams: Shiras, coached by Ira Weiss; Waite coached by Mark Altschuler and co-coached by the famous Pop-Eye, Bob Pottery; Taney, coached by Seth Gendler; Iredel coached by Rich Benson; Devanter coached by Alan Himmelstein; and last but not least, Barbour coached by David Weiss.

The first half standings were as follows: Taney played Waite in the first playoff game. Taney, astonishingly won, 9-7. Mitch Levy, better known as "Big Red," was an asset in left field. Taney then advanced to play the final and deciding game of the playoffs against the Almighty Shiras. Taney overpowered Shiras 10-1. Waite's final record: 4 and 3. Devanter's final record was 1 and 6. When voted by a council of fans, Barbour was named the team with the most spirit, thanks to the famous "Rock Lobster" himself, Ray Wetzel.

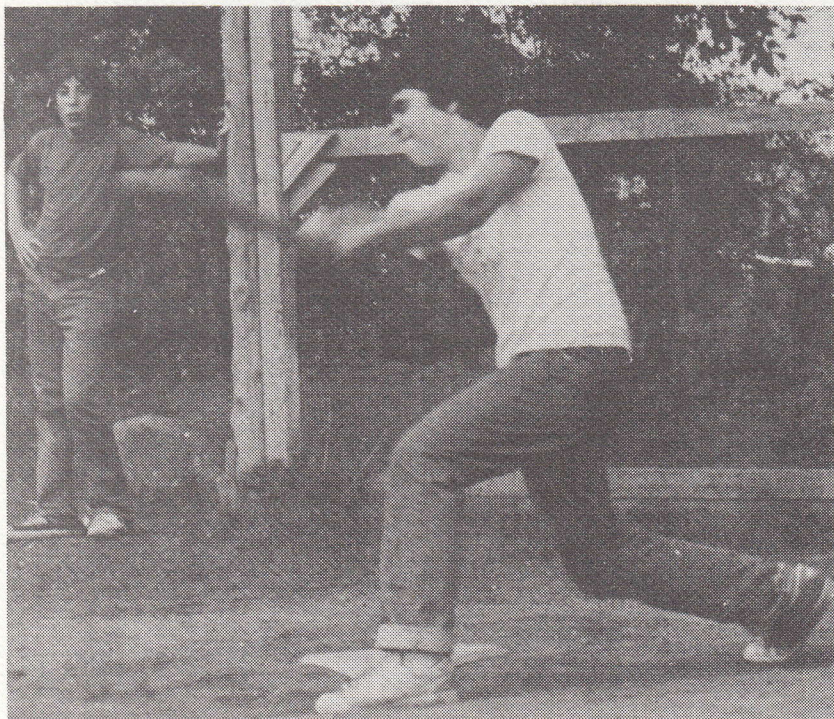
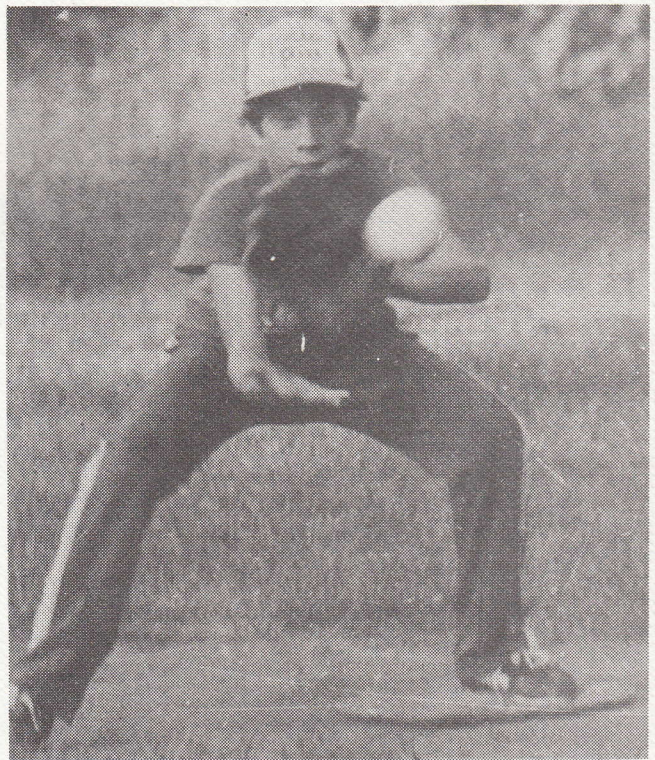
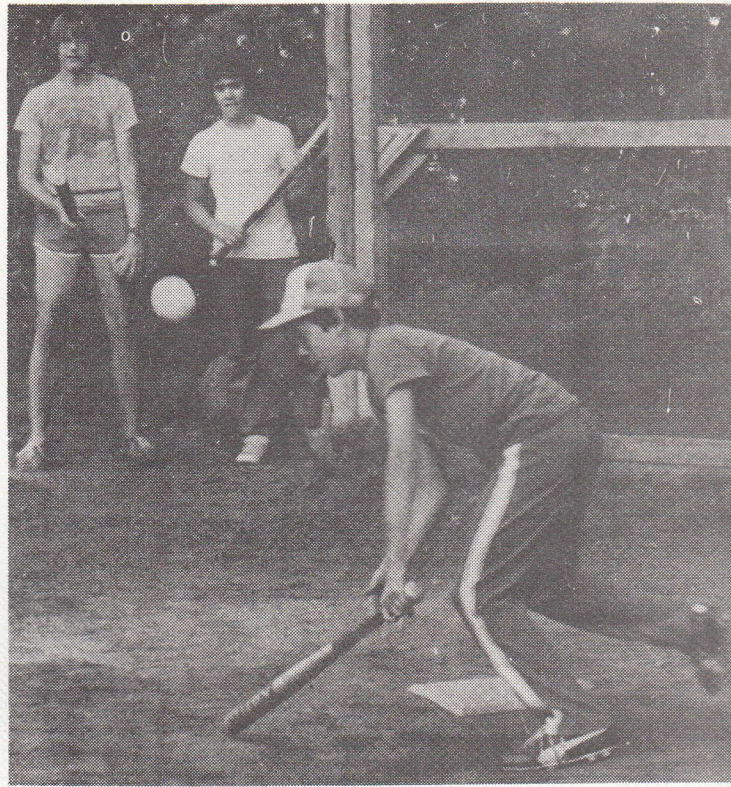
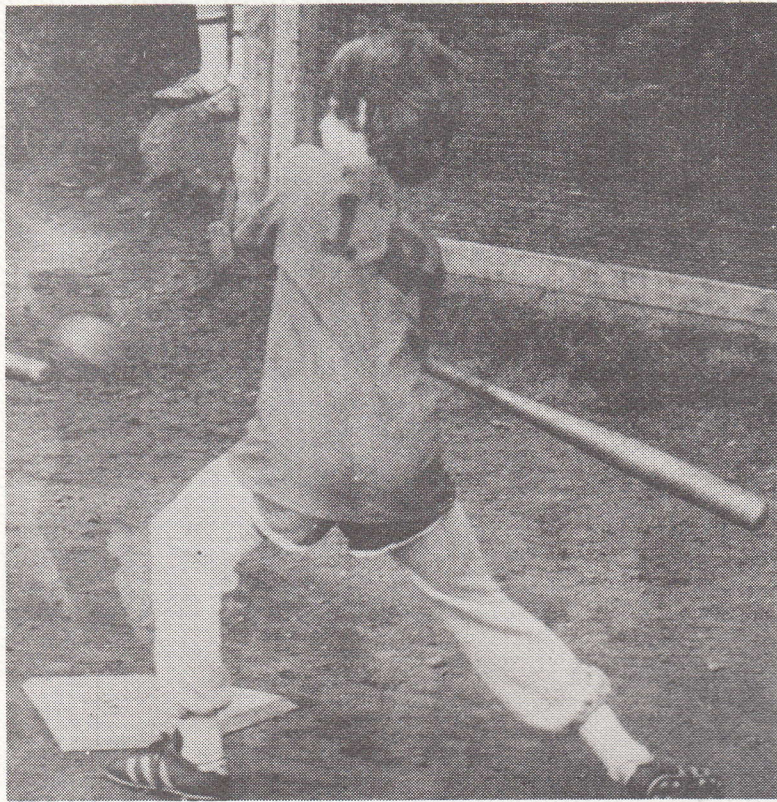
The second half standings are as follows as of August 7. In first place, Barbour 1 and 0. In second place, Iredel, which incidently has the pitcher in the league, Rich Benson. Third place, Taney 2 and 1. Fourth place, Waite 1 and 1. Fifth place, Shiras 0 and 1. Sixth place, Devanter 0 and 2. Any team really has the shot at the championship. All the teams are well balanced and very equal. A large majority of females are involved this season, although Terri Stinson is the only female counselor in the league. She deserves a lot of credit.

Another very interesting fact: no English lads tried their skill at baseball. Due to some strange scheduling Barbour has never played Waite. The fans are very anxious to see the two battle it out on the field.

The best thing about the Watermelon League is that you don't have to know how to play the game to have fun. And if you don't want to play you can come cheer on your own allstars. So come on out and support your team!

Hope L. Anmuth









HOW WE BEAT THE NUMBER SYSTEM

We have learned many wonderful things this summer at Buck's Rock. One of these is how to beat the number system.

The number system is a new innovation introduced to Buck's Rock this summer to supposedly eliminate cutting and shoving during line up at meal time. In short, it is a Bernie instituted organizational scheme.

Like the ordinary camper, we initially followed this new system. We would get a number, and wait in line until the number was called. We found, however, that we could not eat with our friends unless we all arrived at the same time and got numbers in order. This, however, rarely occurred.

We solved this problem by going back numerous times to the C.I.T. in charge of passing out numbers. In this way we managed to get numbers for both ourselves and our friends.

This made us nervous and embarrassed because we were never quite sure if the C.I.T. in charge of numbers would recognize us as we kept returning.

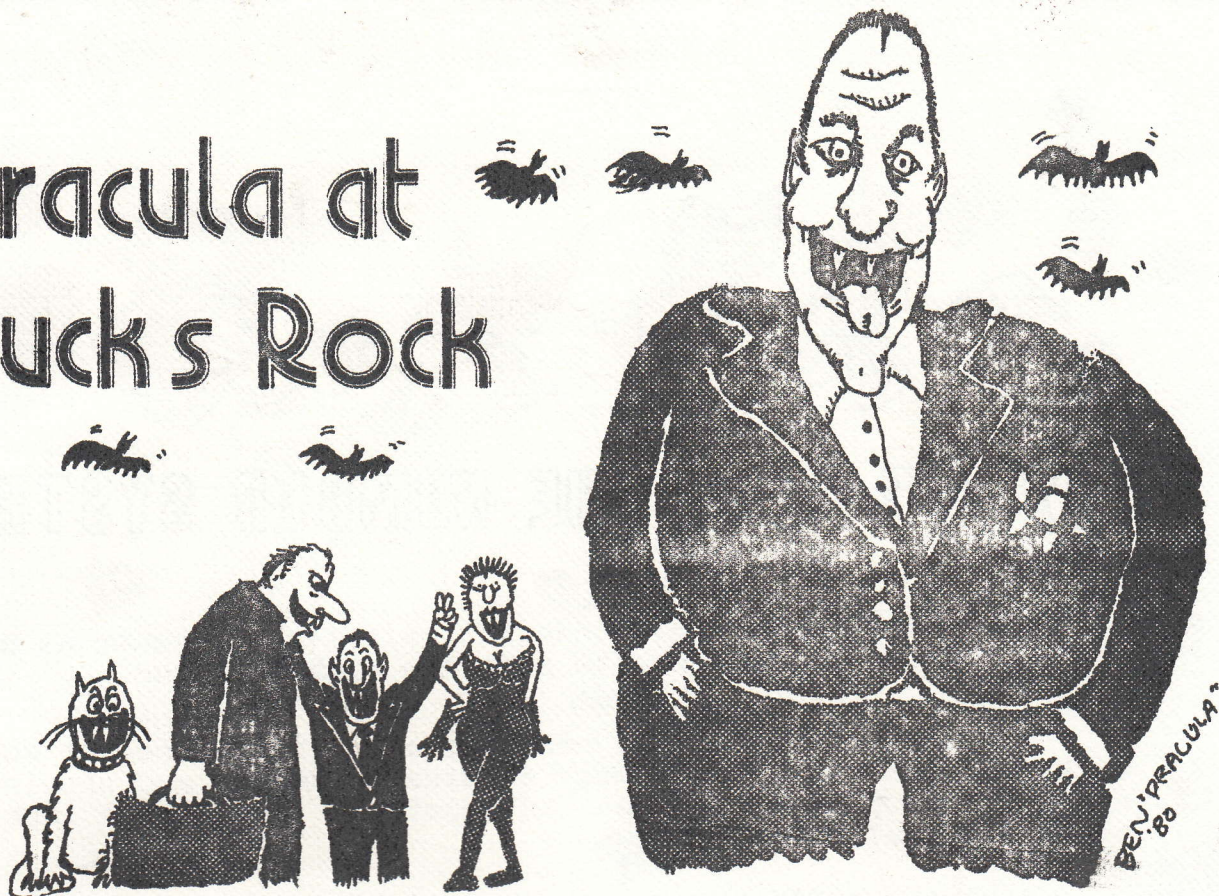
Another problem developed if our friends didn't come on time. The numbers we had gotten for them would have to be stuffed in our pockets in order to avoid suspicious eyes. Once they were in our pockets we wouldn't know what to do with the incriminating evidence. There had to be a better way.

The better way was found when we got to know the C.I.T.s in charge of the number cards. Now all we had to do was ask for four or five numbers and we would get them all at once. If our friends didn't come in time we would discreetly hand them back.

Unfortunately, just as we have perfected this system a terrific summer at Buck's Rock is coming to a close. We hope the readers of the 1980 yearbook can put this valuable information to use next summer.

Francesca Pomerantz
Amy Shapiro

Dracula at Buck's Rock



Buck's Rock Creative Work Camp in New Milford, Connecticut is owned by Lou and Sybil Simon. In this unique camp, one can structure his time independently in the shops the camp has to offer. The camper functions on his own without a prearranged schedule. It is a camper's paradise.

This year Lou and Sybil are in for a surprise; straight from the heart of Transylvania comes Dracula and his motley crew: the famous Dr. Van Helsing, Dracula's object of lust, the beautiful Lucy Seward, and Lucy's devoted fiancée, John Harker. It is a refreshing experience to see these new faces around camp.

Dracula and Renfield share a room with my friend, Bob, the weaving specialist, and me. Dracula and his friend are pleased with the housing arrangement and scrupulously place their belongings in the cubbyhole provided. My friend and I are content to remain slob. We explain the meal procedures, the evening activities, and the shops while they listen with interest. We then get ourselves ready for dinner and wearily drag our bodies down to the Dining Room.

As we eat our dessert, Renfield pulls a bag of flies out of his pocket and greedily munches on them. When I ask him about this he replies, "I don't particularly care for the dessert here. I haven't acquired a taste for it yet."

After the evening activity, we dress for bed and talk about the events of the day. A whole new world has opened up for Dracula and his crew.

At breakfast as we gather around the table gobbling the food placed before us, a series of announcements concerning the different shops in camp blast over the loud speaker. The announcement concerning the Wood Shop catches Dracula's attention, while Renfield is interested in the nature hike.

After breakfast we go to the shops of our interest. Lucy, too lazy to get dressed, observes each shop in her sexy nightgown.

Dracula, interested in Wood Shop, sets his mind on his project. While others are interested in making desks, tables, chairs, cabinets, and book cases, Dracula is busily constructing his plans for making a new coffin.

After lunch, Dracula comes over to my Glassblowing Shop, where I proceed to show him the techniques of blowing a bottle. Dracula is doing beautifully until, out of the corner of his eye, he catches a glimpse of Mary Ellen, one of the sexiest counselors at camp. His teeth begin to grow until they reach the glass and shatter it. Embarrassed, Dracula throws the cape over his head and runs to the Infirmary where he is treated for mouth lacerations.

After a long, tiring day, Dracula and the gang eagerly look forward to the square dance. At the tennis court, Dracula demonstrates his new dance, "The Fang." Instantly, this dance becomes the craze of the camp.

We begin a new day at breakfast by listening to Lou's lifeless announcements. As an announcement concerning tryouts for "Love with a Proper Stranger" comes on, Dracula listens intently.

After breakfast, Dracula reports to the Rec Hall, where try-outs are held. Director Todd Ortone, pleased with Dracula's potential, casts him for the leading role. A rehearsal schedule is given for afternoon rehearsals, but Dracula demands night rehearsals. Dracula explains to the director that he feels drained during the day and has more energy and blood-lust in the night.

Getting to know the ways of our new-acquired friends is not an easy task, especially Renfield's bug rampages, and Dracula's night raids. Their unique qualities set them apart from the other campers and make them special people, indeed.

As the summer progresses, Dracula and his friends are exploring new aspects of camp. Renfield enjoys photographing nature and hiking. Lucy loves making a new silk nightgown "for those special evenings" and participating in the camp's choral groups. Lucy's fiancée, John enjoys rehearsing for Todd's play and producing a beautiful silkscreen print. Dr. Van Helsing writes many stories in the Publication Shop concerning the arduous task of putting an end "to the bloody ways of Dracula."

I am also discovering myself at Buck's Rock. I accomplish things I never thought I could do. Buck's Rock has provided me not only with friendships, but self-confidence and pride in what I do.

Excitement comes to Dracula when he tells us of his play rehearsals. The only problem with them, he says, is "every time a love scene is required, I forget myself and accidentally bite my co-star on the neck."

August 18; we are now in the last week of camp. Today, Bob, Dracula, Renfield, and I have decided to leave camp and spend the day out. After our shopping spree, we eat at the Magic Pan. When the waitress asks us if we would like red wine, Dracula replies: "I don't drink wine," to the hysterical roars of my friend and I. This is a great day that has been a refreshing change for all of us.

August 20; today's the day of Dracula's play! Thank the Lord! I couldn't get a wink of sleep last night due to his continuous pacing around the coffin and chanting, "I must have blood." It drives me batty.

August 21; the big moment has arrived for Dracula. The play is a success due to Dracula's excellent acting and control during those love scenes.

August 25; camp has come to an end. I cannot believe it! All the friendships I have made will come to a close until next summer. As I say goodbye to Dracula and his gang, tears come to my eyes, for after this, I will never see Dracula again. I have returned to good old Livingston; Dracula has returned to his home in Transylvania.

Ellen Mandel

A Visit to the Dispensary

It is five minutes after breakfast and the taste of stale prune danish is still in my mouth. I am sitting outside the dispensary, number 20 on a 25-person-long line to see the doctor.

"What's wrong with you?" I ask the girl sitting next to me. "B.R.V." she says.

I move farther down the bench. B.R.V. is the dreaded Buck's Rock Stomach Virus. Usually everyone who has it throws up.

"I puked nine times yesterday," some gross little kid brags. The girl sitting next to the little kid also moves down.

"Why not announce it over the loud speaker?" she asks in a snobbish voice.

"It wouldn't be news. Everyone has the bug," says the girl next to me.

"I don't," I say "Lucky me, I have pink eye and allergies instead."

"You have pink eye? How did you get that?" someone asks me.

"I probably caught it on line to see the doctor from someone who had it," I say in a carefree voice.

"Really?" They are horrified.

"Yup!" I say.

"How long will it stay like that?" asks the snobby girl, with disgust in her voice.

"Five days," I say sadly.

Just then I realize that the girl with B.R.V. who is sitting next to me is slightly green. Her expression is one of intense terror. Before I can jump off the bench she is by the garbage can, throwing up.

The nurses and the doctor come out to help clean up the mess. I notice that the poor doctor looks a little pale himself. I guess he wishes that he was back at the hospital taking care of concussions and broken bones, instead of Buck's Rock and its very own B.R.V.

Finally, they are done and they go back inside. A few minutes later it is my turn to go in. I am told to go lie on the "examining table" in the back.

"But I can't. There's a dead boy on the table!" I say.

The "dead boy" rolls over and groans.

"If you move me off this table I'm going to puke all over the place," he announces.

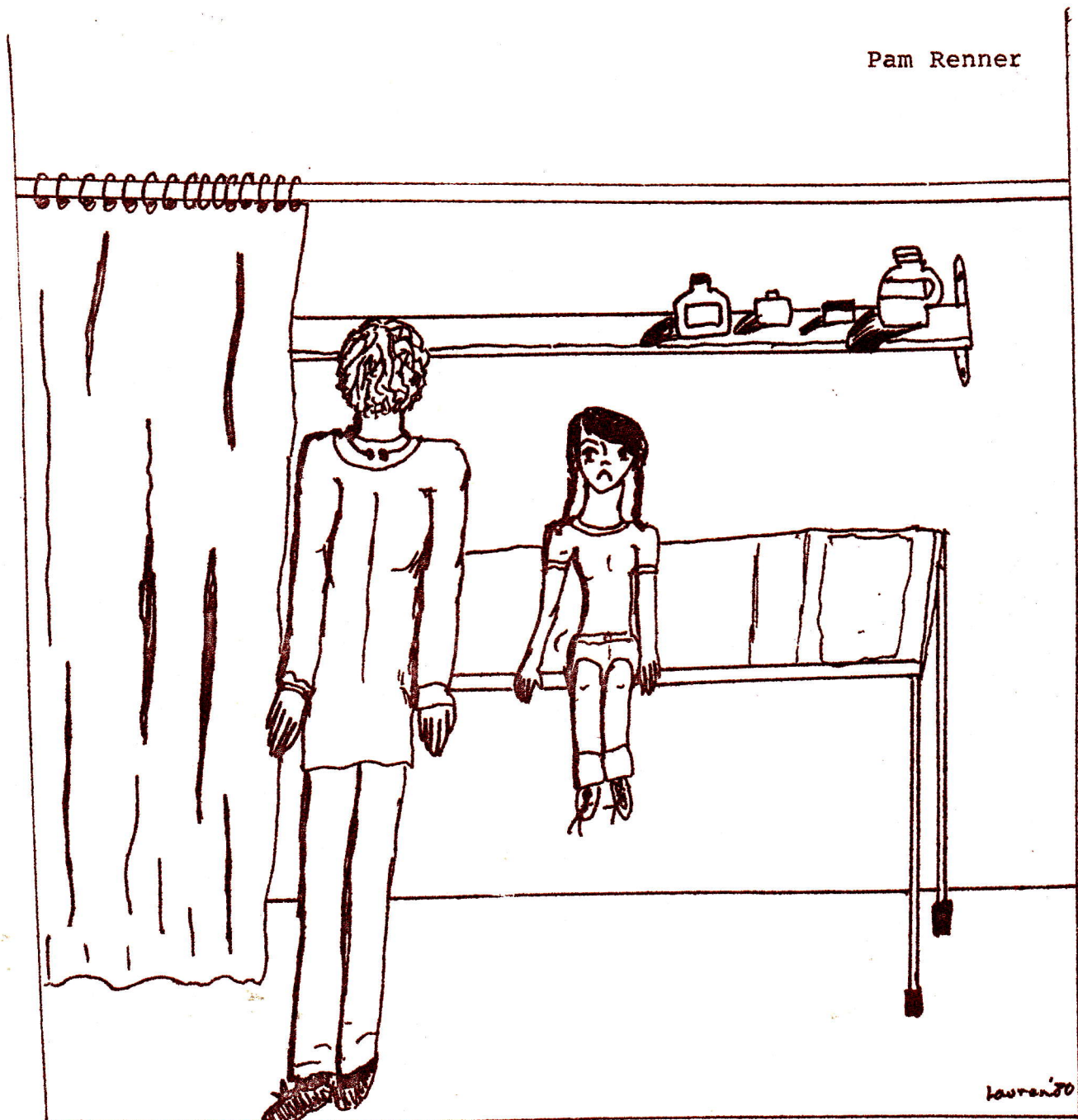
"That's O.K. sonny, come sit over here in this chair," says the doctor brightly.

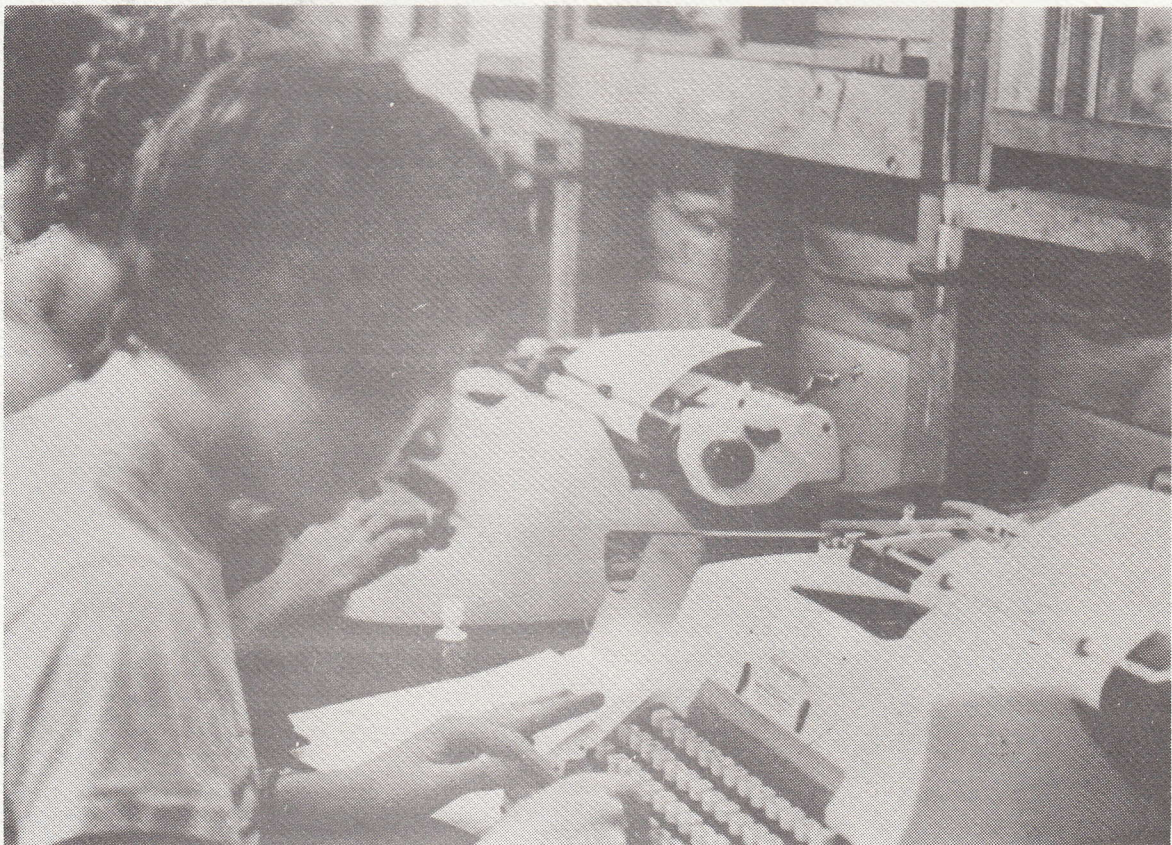
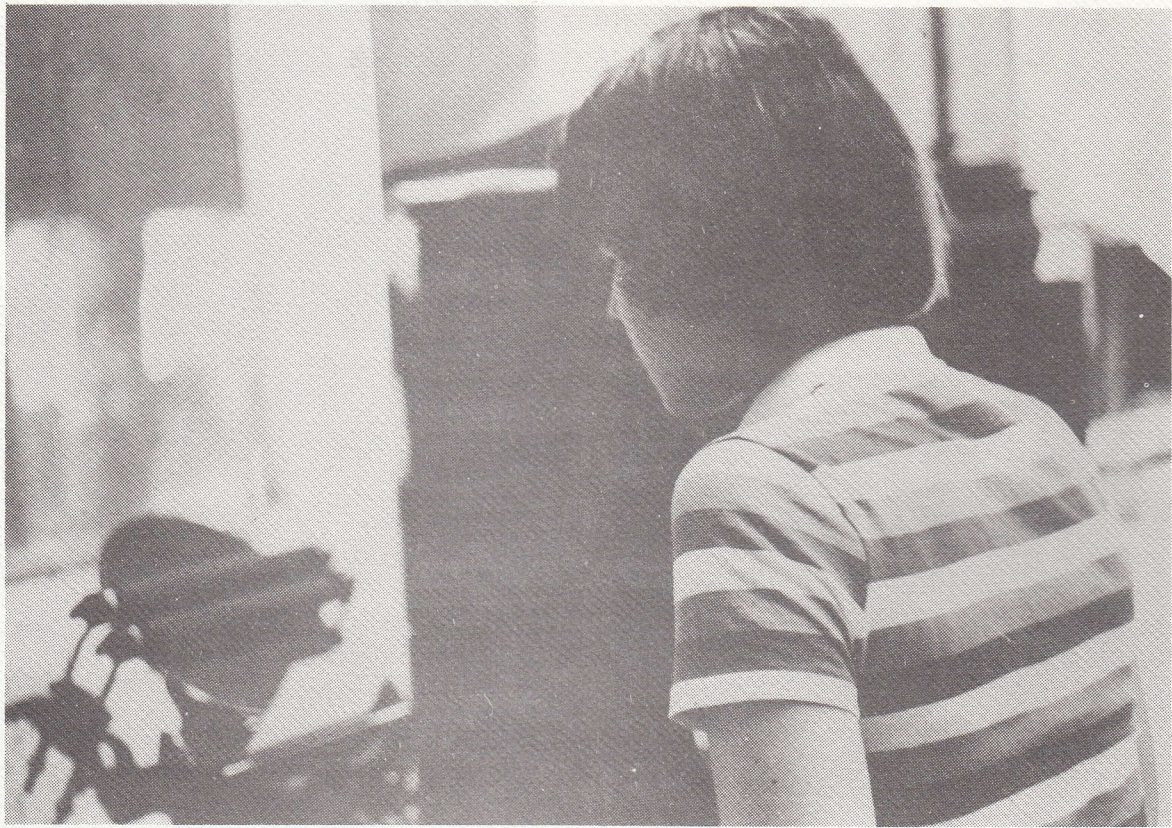
The dead boy walks like a rejected Boris Karloff. He stumbles into the chair, sits for a few seconds, then collapses onto the floor.

The doctor ignores him but closes the little blue curtain which divides the dispensary in half.

"Now, let's see if you're still wheezing."
"I am."
"I'll see about that. Breathe deeply."
I try to, but after the first breath I can't stop coughing.
"Well, you sound better than yesterday," he says encouragingly.
"Wow," I say sarcastically.
"Nurse, keep her on the medication and send in the next patient," he yells.
I go over to the nurse and get my pills and eye drops.
"Don't forget to come back after lunch, after dinner, and at wake-up gong," she says.
"Thank you."

Pam Renner







The Buck's Rock Bowl



The Buck's Rock Bowl is not merely a game; it's an experience which should be had by all. This variation on "College Bowl" is extremely competitive, exciting, and most importantly, entertaining.

I first participated in the Buck's Rock Bowl in 1977. One of my friends said a trivia maniac like myself would thoroughly enjoy being in the game. So I signed up to participate on the Glassblowing team. Eventually I found myself with a buzzer in hand, an audience staring at me, and butterflies in my stomach. We did very well in the first part of the game, but lost in the final wager round. It was truly a heartbreaker. Thus I learned that the road to the agony of defeat could have pretty scenery.

The last two years I've participated in the Bowl as a member of the Pub Shop team. Last year we won in the preliminary round but lost in the semifinals, again in the final wager round.

As I became more acquainted with the game, it became more intriguing. I would sit in my chair and size up the "enemy" before the game started. I would then try to relax, but instead my stomach would tie itself into knots. The thought of victory was one which I relished. When I started buzzing to answer one question I went on a "roll" and found it increasingly easy to answer. All I do is simply reach back into my mind and remember worthless tidbits of information. It's that simple.

This year, my team has again made it to the finals. This year's team is far superior to last year's. Will we win? If we want to insure victory, we'll have to score more than twice the score of the competition before the final wager. Of course, the Bowl season will be over by the time this is read. Every team should be proud they had the stamina and strength to participate.

Special thanks from the whole camp go to Mark Gilston, the 1980 Bowl coordinator. It was a fast-paced, fun season.

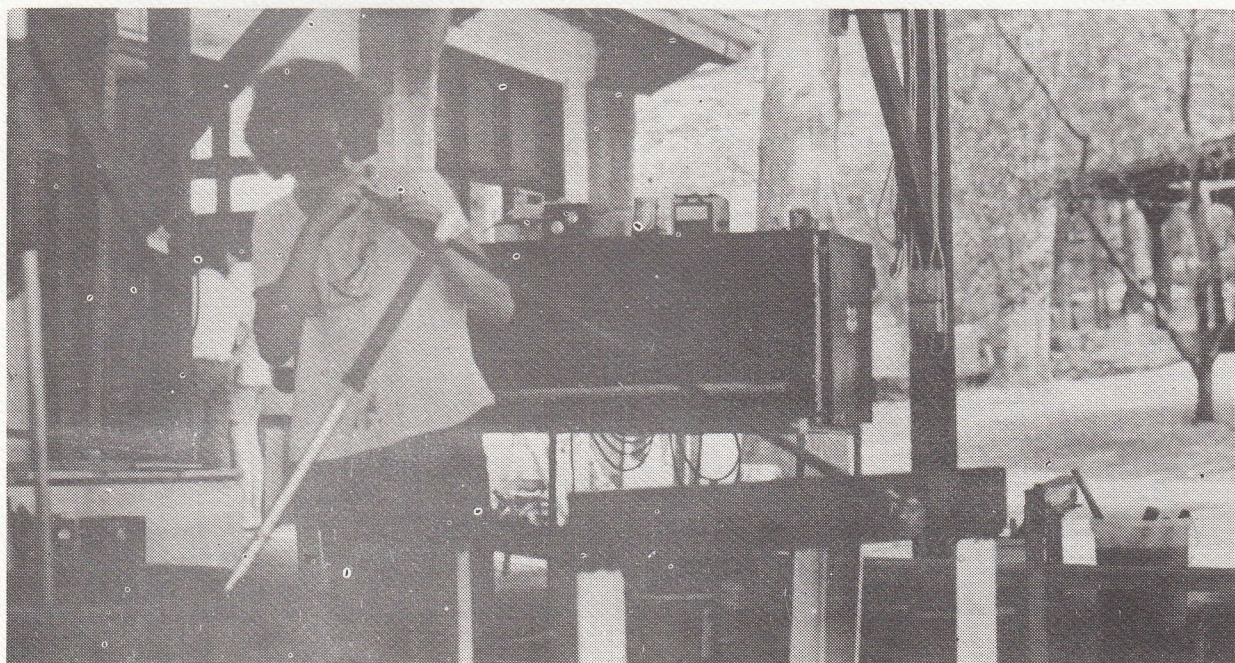
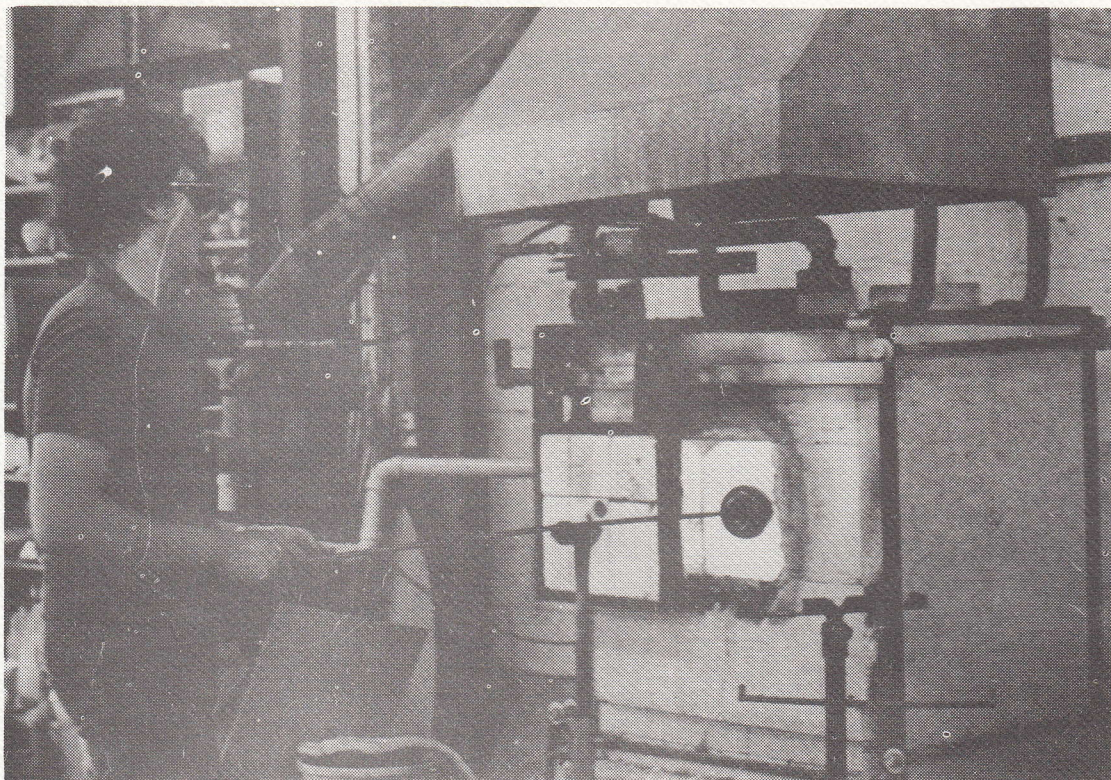
Steve Hartstein

Buck's Rock Metamorphosis

It's the same everywhere I go. When I first arrived at Buck's Rock, the camp was five times larger. The roads were all at least four times longer. They curved and made crazy tessalations. The Electronics Shack was next to the Rec Hall. The only way to travel this five yard route was a treacherous, winding dirt road a thousand yards long. The Boys Terrace Cabins were blotted out from the road by the huge, inflated buildings, thick, broad, ancient trees, and hedgegrows.

The buildings were huge and bulky. The dining room was especially crowded. My bunk was playing tricks on me - it had wanderlust. Overnight the fourth cabin on the terrace disappeared - in its place was a bathroom. After the first week and a half, the camp began to change. The buildings became smaller, the hedgegrows became small shrubs, the trees demanded their branches back and most of their leaves. Some unseen godly hand tightened the winding roads, thus shortening them. The camp became smaller, neater. My bunk found a home between the Boys House and the Girls Annex. The kids that lived in the fourth bunk were never seen again. The dining room got a little less crowded. I found it easy to get around camp. It sure has changed a lot.

Peter Daniel





C.I.T.

The CIT experience in 1980 has been an unforgettable one. Although we are one of the largest assemblages of CIT's Buck's Rock has ever had, we've managed to remain a close-knit group. The friendships we've made and kept this year will stay with us long after the summer ends, as will loads of great memories.

Our counselors, Meryl Dinowitz, Bernie Unger, Ady Spring, and Rich Benson helped to make our mornings bright and cheery by appearing at our doors promptly at 7:30 a.m. They proceeded to bark at us, touch our faces with freezing hands, or physically drag us out of bed in an effort to make us get out of bed. This problem was compounded during the weeks we had the honor of serving the camp's meals.

Campers did not always appreciate our efforts. We received many comments while serving, such as, "That one's burnt. Give me another one." Or, "what's that stuff?" Needless to say, Buck's Rock campers are difficult to please.

Another pleasure given to the CIT's is Sunday night O.D.. Through this we learned the hardships of doing put-to-bed. Our own put-to-bed was preceded by CIT snack. Each night we eagerly awaited the arrival of Bernie's yellow van, full of fattening food to add to our omnipresent gluppies.

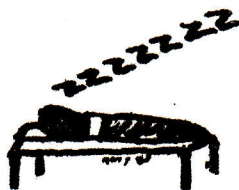
Our day was not complete without our most important duty: half of a day in our chosen shop. CIT's are strangely abused. Campers either expect us to do their projects for them, or if they distrust us, run and get the counselor to help them. It has been, however, an educational summer. Getting to see the shop operate from a "backstage" point of view, adds to an understanding of any art form. Besides, the arm muscles built up by sweeping are equally rewarding.

Yet our job is not thankless. We were rewarded with a trip to the beach and the Riverside Amusement Park. At the amusement park we learned that CIT's are as determined as mailmen - the pouring rain stayed, no CIT aimed for the roller coaster. A trip out of camp with 80 of your best friends made the day special, filled with CIT's.

CIT's are a rare breed, a cross between counselor and camper, getting the best of both. When meal time comes CIT's are on the camper line (a nice healthy wait), but when the work gong rings we are counselors ready to render our services.

Contrary to popular belief, CIT-ing provides a fun-filled summer. It seems that all the members of our close group learned about their shops, themselves, and how to help others while enjoying an excellent summer. We each grew on our own, but only with the help of 80 peers and 4 great counselors. We came far together because of the love and friendship we shared and won't forget.

Doreen Frumkin
Susan Roth
Pam Slass



Wake Up



It is seven thirty and I hear only a few half-hearted clangs before I drift back to sleep. Five minutes later one of my counselors comes into my cabin.

"Wakey, wakey." she says loudly.

I groan. Yick, I think, the morning ritual. Oh no, roll call! She's going to make us each say something to see if we're all awake.

"Katy?"

"I'm awake, go away."

"Laura?"

"What?"

"Sheri?"

"\$*&#*çç\$@#!!!" (Reply censored due to its obscene content).

"Sheri, really!!", our counselor is horrified.

"Pam?"

"Uuuhh" I mutter. I always groan in the morning; I find its the easiest thing to say when you are only half conscious and hope to go back to sleep.

"O.K., I want you all to get up now," she says as she leaves the room.

Immediately we lie back down and try to get back to sleep. The next thing I'm aware of is my house counselor coming into the room. I am reminded of yesterday morning by the look of grim determination on her face.

Yesterday she had to come in four times before we were finally out of bed and ready for breakfast. Each time she made us sit up, take our covers off our feet, and get out of bed. The moment she left, we would lie back down and pull up our covers again, of course. Finally she threatened to get Sybil if we didn't walk around and get dressed. By then we were wide awake and didn't even want to go back to sleep.

Today our counselor is less naive than she was. I can tell by the little orange water pistol clutched in her left hand.

She'll never use it, I think as I pull the covers over my head.

"O.K., everyone up! I have a gun and I'll use it if you don't listen!" says our house counselor.

To my great surprise I realize that people are really getting out of bed and getting dressed. They believe her! Well, they may, but I don't!

"I'd rather get wet than wake up." I mumble. Unfortunately, my counselor hears me.

Suddenly I feel something wet on the back of my head.

"Stop!" I say.

"I'll stop the minute you get out of bed." our counselor says. It is obvious from the tone of her voice that she is enjoying the whole thing.

"No, go away." I say, fully awake by now.

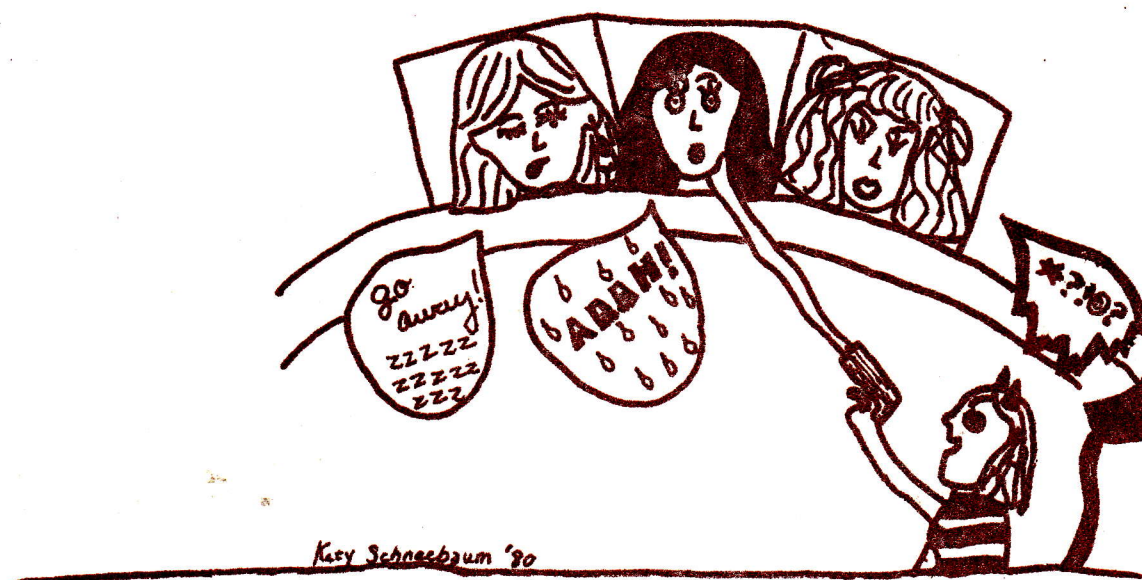
Squirt, squirt. My hair is dripping wet by now. Finally I surrender and get out of bed.

"Very good. Now get dressed and go to breakfast." says the counselor in a nasty voice.

"O.K." I mutter.

"See you tomorrow morning." she says brightly, with anticipation in her voice.

Pam Renner



INCENSE

This year at Buck's Rock, incense has been a big fad for everyone. In fact, it's been outlawed at camp, but in the first few weeks everyone had those stinky sticks. They come in all scents -- strawberry, sandalwood, and so on. The reason they were outlawed was that all the cabins we sleep in are made of old dry wood which can catch on fire very easily. So, that makes it a fire hazard. The reason people have punks and incense is that they think it keeps away the bugs. Well, it does a pretty good job, but still -- it's a fire hazard.

David Ellner

PUT-TO-BED

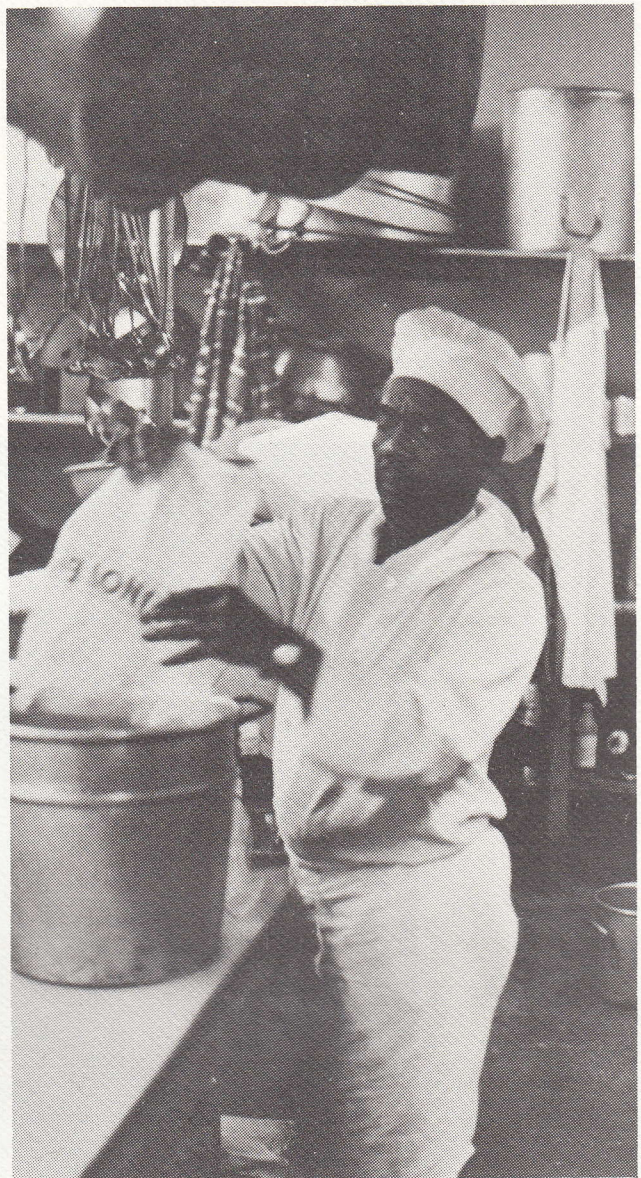
Trying to fall asleep in my bunk at night isn't easy. I come back to the bunk, along with everyone else, and nobody starts getting ready to go to sleep until the counselors come in to turn off the light. Once the light is off, I suddenly realize that it's 11:45 and I have to be at orchestra at 9:00 the next morning.

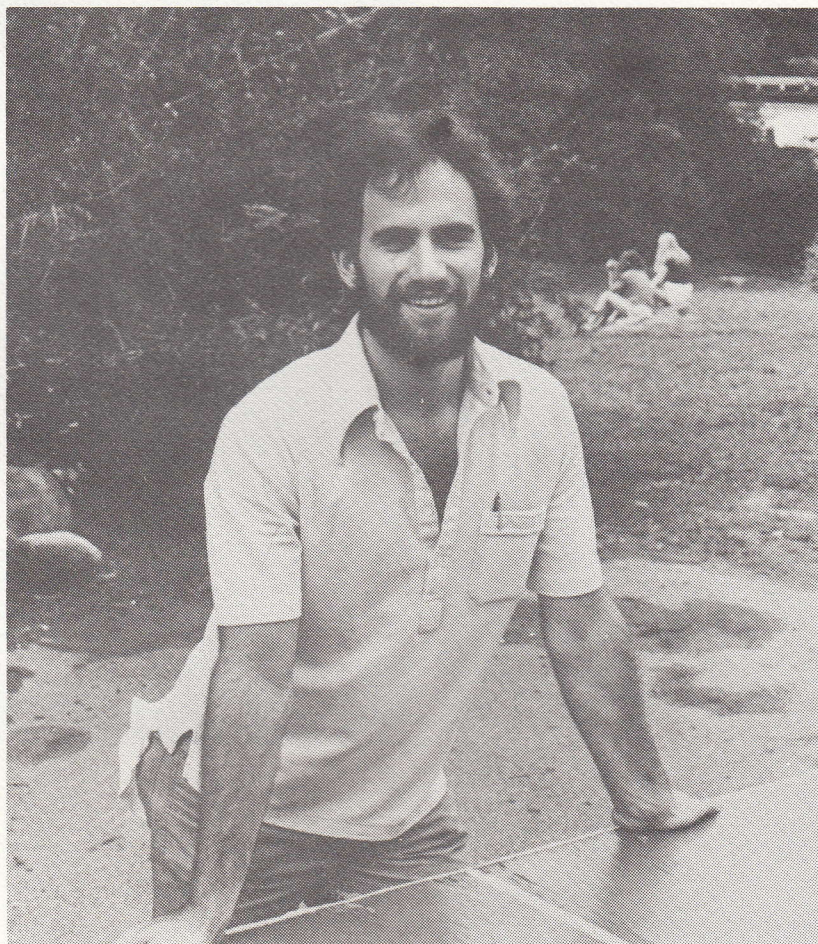
I know it's time to go to sleep, so in the dark I get into my pajamas and slide into the envelope which passes for my bed. Around me, things are still going on. Only one other person is in bed. Someone is straightening out their shelves by flashlight, somebody else is washing her face, putting on Clearasil, washing her face again my other two bunkmates are talking, laughing, and shaking the bed on top of mine.

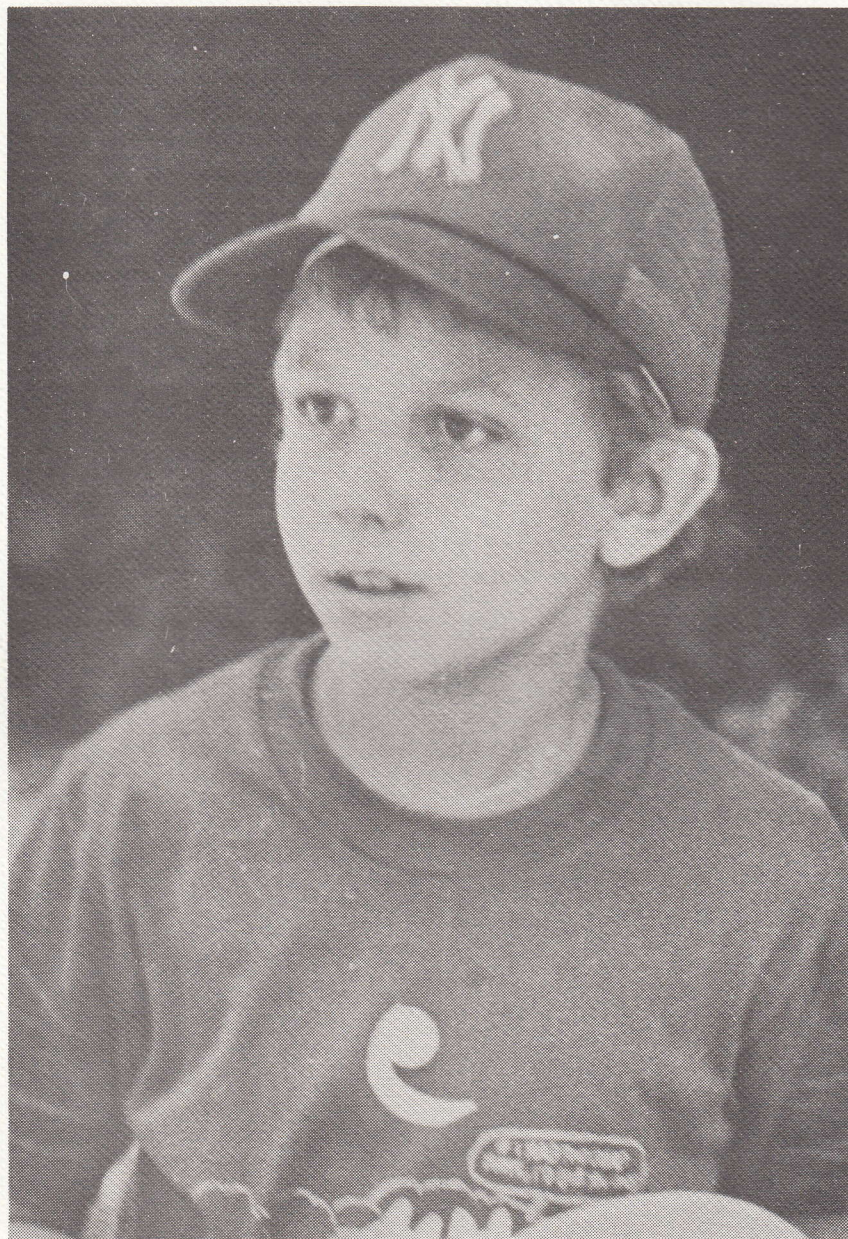
Just as I'm drifting off amid these noises, the door to the bunk opens and a counselor comes in to yell at us about making so much noise. I'm startled out of my sleep, and start talking to the other people in my bunk about how obnoxious the counselor was, how late it is, how bad the food is anything at all. Before I realize it, I'm awake again, and can't drift off. Now everyone else is in bed, going to sleep, and I am lying in bed awake. I toss and turn to find a comfortable position, trying to keep my blanket tucked under the mattress.

Finally I'm dozing off, and a girl from the next bunk stomps through to get to the bathroom. About three or four people wake up, and unfortunately I'm one of them. We all groan and start talking. This time, however, I realize what's going on, and don't get involved in the discussion. I drift off to sleep, lulled by my bunkmates tired voices.

Suzy Soffler







SPECIAL EVENTS:
AT PLAY

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AT PLAY

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AT PLAY

SPECIAL EVENTS:
AT PLAY

These special gatherings, organized mostly around themes, became meeting points for all members of the Buck's Rock community, no matter how diverse the attending groups were. The opportunities to expand the mind, to grow, and to have fun, offered in these events added appeal to both the events and the summer as a whole.

In bringing together people with different opinions and upbringings outside of shop hours, campers were encouraged to open their minds and receive all that the events, and the people at the events, had to offer. This ranged from scientific lectures to poetry workshops, folk concerts to films. New ideas were examined through varied mediums: movies, lectures, concerts, theater, readings, workshops, and scientific exhibitions. Although these events seem widely varied, even disparate, they have all been special, and they have all been a part of the gallery of summer memories, 1980.





New Milford

Eight

Eight miles- not long by the standards of our technically advanced world. A Saturn V can cover that distance in just over one second. A car would take almost ten minutes. I spent one hour and six and a half minutes covering this distance on my feet.

In the two weeks before the race I worked out extensively on parts of the race course doing four, sometimes six miles at a time. Many long hours were sacrificed to running in the intense heat that prevailed through the weeks preceeding the race. I was warned again and again about the dangers of running in such hot weather, but the training was necessary to get in shape and prepare for long distances. It was unfortunate that the day of the race came after this spell of hot weather, but I at least found myself awakening on the cool, faithful morning of the twenty-sixth.

BANG! Several hundred energetic runners started off. The first stretch was flat, but the hills were yet to come. Two short hills up, and then one mile gone. A large downhill, an uphill, and then the hilly, three mile long stretch of Aspetuck Road. Hill after hill, up and down, never seeming to end. My legs were tightening and my breath growing short, but I dragged on, taking the pain with me.



After five miles I became fully adjusted. I ran consistently and effortlessly, not worrying about the pains of long distance running. This is the running I love most, being able to switch my thoughts to the scenery about me, to the colors and patterns and shadows which work to cleanse my mind of all bad emotions and thoughts. It is a feeling unparalleled by any other physical exercise.

I had run nearly six miles now, and passed the end of Buck's Rock Road. Dozens of fellow Buck's Rockers were cheering me on. The spirit and energy carried me, but the last mile loomed just over the hills.

Half a mile uphill, seemingly straight up, one bend after another. All uphill. At the summit of this hill I became dazed and spaced-out. The road was wide, surrounded by the vast, beautiful campus of the Canterbury School.

All of a sudden the road fell from under me. Down, down, down, until my feet literally crashed on the hard, even surface of the road, until my ankles grew sore from the force they had to absorb.

I soon leveled off, and in the last quarter mile hundreds of spectators cheered me past the finish line. I was the 197th such finisher out of about 400. Not great by runners' standards, but a stupendous achievement in my year of running. Go for it!!

Larry Gutterman



Trip to Stratford

The trip to Stratford on August 6th really started out about a week before, with seminars and reading the play, Richard the Third. Shakespeare has always seemed boring to me and most other people of my age, but reading and discussing the play gave people a much better understanding of it. Most people felt that since they understood it, they enjoyed it much more.

The play is basically about a man who is determined to get the crown and will do anything at all to do so. He kills just about everyone and not until the end does he realize how terribly he has behaved. By then it is too late.

This performance of the play was very well done and interestingly interpreted. Each of the actors had their own way of "seeing" the play. The cast included some fine actors, many of whom had been in quite a few other productions.

After the play was over a few of the actors and actresses came out to talk to us. All of them seemed quite enthusiastic about doing the performance, and it was clearly portrayed in their acting. They seemed to feel that Shakespeare could be interpreted in many ways - and this was only one of them. They also felt that everyone, audience and actors, had to "think" the language before watching the play. Much like seeing a play in French, one must "think" in French, not English.

Then we had an enjoyable picnic dinner of chicken and got on the bus and proceeded back to camp to get there in time for Renaissance Night.

Alissa Spielberg



The Birth of the Calf

The birth of the calf was one of the highlights of this summer, and everybody was excited. It was a very suspenseful experience. A lot of the campers wanted to see the birth of the calf. Others, however, thought it would be too gross -- but ended up going anyway.

On "No Talent Night" a false gong alarm was sounded; it was a let-down when campers got there and no calf was born.

When the water sac finally dropped everybody came running. The animal farm was so crowded on the day of the birth that it was hard to see, but we all managed to get a glimpse of the newborn calf. Thanks to Liz and Steve, and all the cow's adopted owners, we have a new calf for the animal farm.

Melissa Paltrowitz



THE NUMBERS RACKET

The Numbers Racket is an evening activity similar to a scavenger hunt. Everyone who participates gets a sheet of questions (the same for every camper). Each question has something to do with Buck's Rock trivia and asks the camper for an exact number: for example, "How many CIT's are there in the Publications Shop?"

Further instructions are given on the sheet. They might tell you to add, subtract, multiply, or divide this number by a new number: for example, "How many goldfish does Amy Banzhaf have?"

Tallying the results gives you one final answer. You hand in your question sheet when you are done, and the next day you find out whether you were correct. The names of winners are announced the next day at breakfast. This year, the winner received a free container of popcorn from the canteen.

So the Numbers Racket is not run by gangsters. The goal is to have fun, and everyone who plays does. Come on down and play Numbers Racket '81.

Robert Kuropatwa



NO TALENT NIGHT

What has two legs, two arms and runs around a stage like an ambulance? If you don't know the answer to this perplexing riddle, then you haven't seen "No Talent Night II!"

No Talent Night is a Buck's Rock tradition which allows any camper or counselor to perform on stage, regardless of their lack of talent. In fact, the only Buck's Rockers turned away from performing in this yearly extravaganza were denied on the grounds of being too good!

As usual, No Talent Night was a success. Everybody laughed over the Bob Ainsworth Escape Committee routine. He described the outside world in comparison to Buck's Rock and outlined potential "escape" plans to get there.

Another interesting routine was a spoof on "Empire," the "Star Wars" sequel. The scene opens with Henry Benson as Yoda, the Jedi Master, describing the dangers of the competitive side of the "force," and color war. Luke Skywalker (Keith Schlanger) tried to stop Darth Vader (Alan Alters) from bringing this evil game to Buck's Rock. The skit ends with the main characters locked in battle. Maybe we will see the sequel in "No Talent Night III!"

Some other memorable acts were the "Counselors' Chorus," "Emergency," Pantomime by Andy Williams, and Irwin Berger's act with his poodle, August.

In addition to comedy, there were several musical acts. The first of the acts was a pantomime rock music act of "I've got your number" by "The Jags." Toward the close of the show the entire audience went on stage to dance to a Billy Joel act.

No Talent Night was once again a blast, and I, for one, can't wait for next year's talentless show.

Mike Tuchman

INTREPICS

Norses run frantically to and fro as Zerokians and Dead Heads eat donut holes and whistle "Old MacDonald" through crackers. Are we on another planet? In an insane asylum? No...it's Intrepics!

Intrepics was Buck's Rock's form of a conventional camp's Olympics. Buck's Rock being a creative work camp, teams in Intrepics were required to create a theme. They would then come dressed according to their personal theme.

Intrepics was a widely publicized event. Bumper stickers proclaiming "Not Just A Masquerade--Intrepics" and "Not Just An Olympics--Intrepics!" were all over camp days before the big event. The whole camp was asking "What is this?" We were all hanging on a thread, until one day at lunch a counselor in a herald's uniform read a proclamation which filled in some of the blanks. Still, we weren't fully enlightened until we actually saw Intrepics.

There were many teams participating. The "Royal Riders" wore satin and velvet and paraded to the tennis courts on royal horses. Then there were the Norses, or Noble Horses. This team consisted of unicorns, Pegasuses, and everything in between. A team of younger participants wore hearts with tongue-twisting code names on their backs. The French campers came as firemen, complete with hats and stretcher. There were also Gypsies, Dead Heads, and Sanes, who wore no costumes. And of course, we mustn't forget the Zerokians! There was no way to overlook those green-eared, grey-faced, black-robed, gas-masked nightmares!

The first game was an obstacle course, involving going under beams while inside three tires. I'm glad I was in the audience!

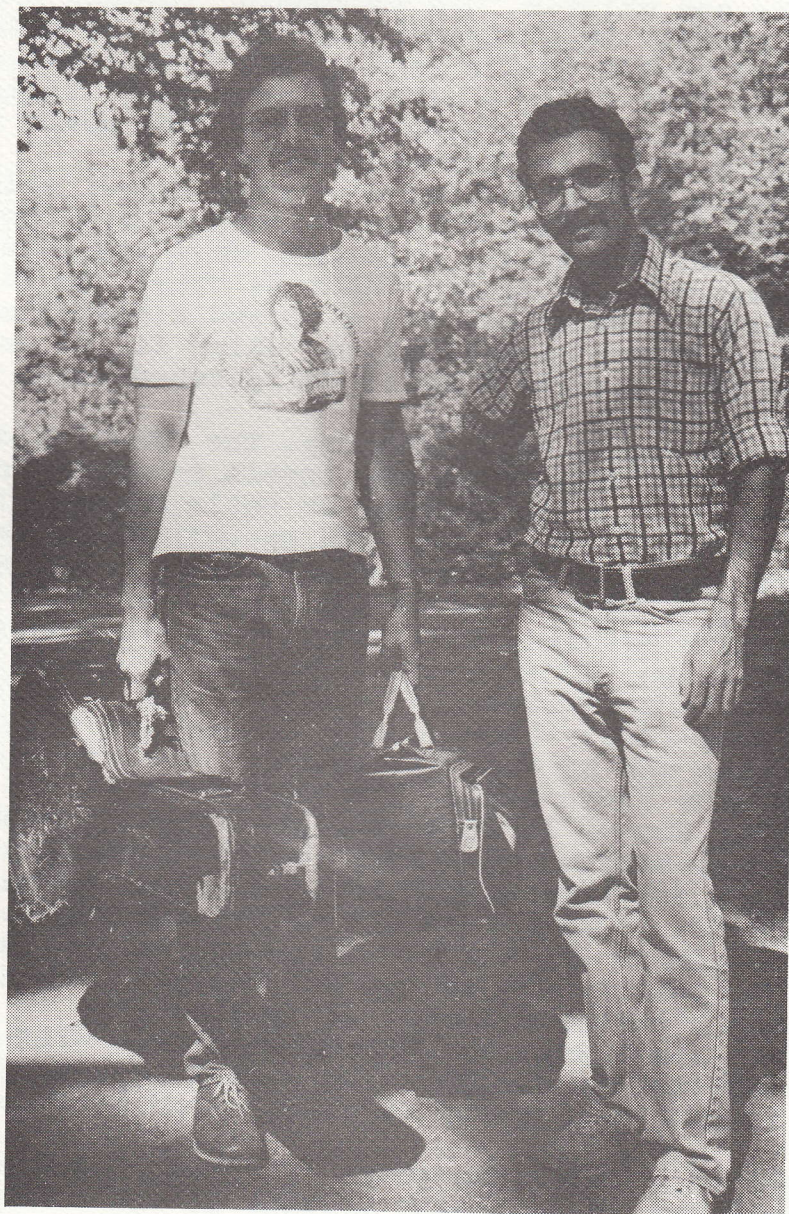
After running around in tires the participants gobbled down three donut holes hanging on sticks, while blind-folded. Despite a few collisions and some Munchkins in eyes and up noses, this event was both fun to watch and fun to participate in.

Next on the agenda was a sack race. Nothing very notable happened during this event, except for the point when it was realized that the bottom was missing from a sack!

Last but not least was the Whistle-Old-MacDonald-with-three-crackers-in-your-mouth- contest. This was funny, but out of tune, and when my friend spit chewed-up crackers on me I wasn't too thrilled.

A storm abruptly ended the games. It began to rain. Suddenly, the lights went out. Many people thought it was a blackout and panicked. That was the end of Intrepics. Actually, it was the Zerokians who planned to take over but didn't count on the storm. Still, while it lasted, Intrepics was fun to watch and I'm sure it was fun to play as well.

Katy Schneebaum



The Pub/MuShed Softball Game



"Okay everyone - Barb, you're at second, Bob, take first, and Theo, you take third."

Where are we? In the Yankees dugout before a game? In a Junior Police Athletic League softball game? Nope. We're in the Pub shop. "What?!" you say. The Pub shop is a place for writers, artists, and Gestetners, not ball players. Right?

Wrong. At least wrong on this day. It's the day of the Pub Shop/MuShed softball game. The Pub shop counselors, J.C.s and C.I.T.s are going to drag themselves away from their beloved Gestetners, and detach their fingers from their cherished pens and typewriters, and go to the softball field to meet the MuShed in a fight to the finish.

So we follow them down good old Buck's Rock Road to the softball field. On one set of benches sits the staff of the MuShed. On the other sits the great, marvelous, Lovable Pub! Okay, so now you know. I'm a loyal pubbie. I tried to stay objective for as long as possible, but I just couldn't hold back my cheers.

Now we're sitting with the Pubbies. Some of the counselors have decided not to play. Instead they plan to cheer. The head of our cheering squad is Glenn Gers. He's not your everyday cheerleader. I mean, how would Glenn look in a miniskirt and a tight sweater? Still, Glenn is good at his job. He has managed to procure a set of drums to bang on when Pub plays well. It seems ironically funny that the Pub Shop should be the one with the musical instruments. Do we see the MuShed with a Gestetner to bang on?

The game begins. As the score see-saws crazily back and forth, it is clear that Pub has more spirit. We keep their morale up with original, witty cheers, such as "Can Mitch pitch? Mitch can pitch! Pitch Mitch, Pitch!" It's cute. We also spell out PUBLICATIONS! a few times, and I get the high honor of being an exclamation point. Wow, what an experience. One other cheer is "Go Mitch, you son of a bitch!" The obscenities seem to boost his morale. We taunt the MuShed by crying "Muzak!"

Muzak is elevator music, and this is one of the highest insults you can put on the MuShed.

While we cheer, and they play, WBBC's D.J.s make every play known to all the unfortunates who had to miss this amazing spectacle. Such famous sportscasters as Anne Edelson, Andrew Clateman, Rich Wallace, and Toby Deligtisch keep the camp informed.

As we cheer Pub on, we see some excellent playing on both teams.

In the Pub field, we have "Big Bob" Dicke at first, "Beautiful Barbara" Beabes at second, and "Tough Theo" Cobb at third. "Marvelous Mitch" Schear pitches with "Malicious Marcy" Berger catching. "Samurai Sandy" Green, "Jaunty Jon" Schachter, "Pretty Paul" Jackson (our British rookie) and "Stupendous Steve" Hartstein are in the outfield, while "Jovial Jeff" Salamon handles shortstop.

Mitch and Theo both hit homers, and Barb and Marcy get R.B.I.s. Paul, who has never played anything but grasshopper or ladybug or whatever that English game is called, plays surprisingly well.

Due to our marvelous cheering, and of course the marvelous coordination and dexterity of our players (it's the slip-sheeting that does it) Pub wins, 11-9. Because all Pubbies are good sports, and no MuShed people are sore losers, everyone shakes hands and each team compliments the other. After all, the game is only for fun. Now we have won two years in a row, and we vow next year we'll make it three!

Katy Schneebaum



Renaissance Night

As we got off the Stratford bus, we were immediately assailed by eager leaflet distributors. Just as we finished reading the words "Renaissance Night," the gong rang. We ran back to our bunk as fast as we could and changed, and then returned to the volleyball court.

Scattered here and there were various booths and tables. We headed for the calligraphy table where Mattie sat, pen in hand, ready to calligraphize whatever your heart desired. We decided to be extremely unoriginal and had our names done.

As we were about to leave the booth, "Lady Godiva" (Nina Jochnowitz incognito) and her horse streaked by, leaving behind a trail of manure.

"Will somebody guard the s---t please?" said Mattie. We were the lucky ones assigned to this delightful job.

"Don't step th---oops!"

"Watch it! - Uh oh!" This job was just too difficult for us.

When the mess was finally removed, we continued on to knight school. As we waited on line, we weren't too sure what to expect. When we found ourselves on a log, armed with pillows we knew that our worst fears were being realized. We thought frantically; what could the purpose be? To chop the log in half with the pillows? No. The judge told us to hit the other person off the log and run to the other side. After we had each won once we were directed to the next test.

The next event could have been called "Bop the Counselor." We had to stand on a beam and try to knock the counselor off. We tapped them politely and they obligingly fell off.

After vanquishing the counselor we were placed on a rocking platform and, amid taunts from the counselors related to our lack of armor, we dodged blows from rubber poppers.

The third-to-last event was on a pre-knight-school level. We had to tap the swinging shield then tap the swinging sand bag, and then use our last bits of strength to stop the shield. After completing this impossible task, we went on to the vine walk. In this test we had to walk across one vine while holding onto another. Both were suspended from two trees. This was made considerably easy for us because the vines were almost on ground level due to the heavy boy in front of us.

Now it was time for the final and most important test - jousting. If we messed this one up, we would have to go through the whole thing again. In turn, we were dumped on a rolling horse, and pushed towards a wooden knight. We both knocked him over with our lances, and returned to Queen Elizabeth (Mandy) to be knighted Sir Pamela and Sir Katherine.

Tired out from our labors, we passed by the fortune teller, who was busy reading palms, and past the Madrigal chorus and Mike Inserra, who were singing and clowning, respectively. We made our way to the canteen, where they were giving out free soda and pretzels.

While we sipped soda and munched pretzels, we saw people being pushed around in a cart by hooded "monks." We asked what we had to do to be driven to the Comfrey Station, and were told we had to be dead.

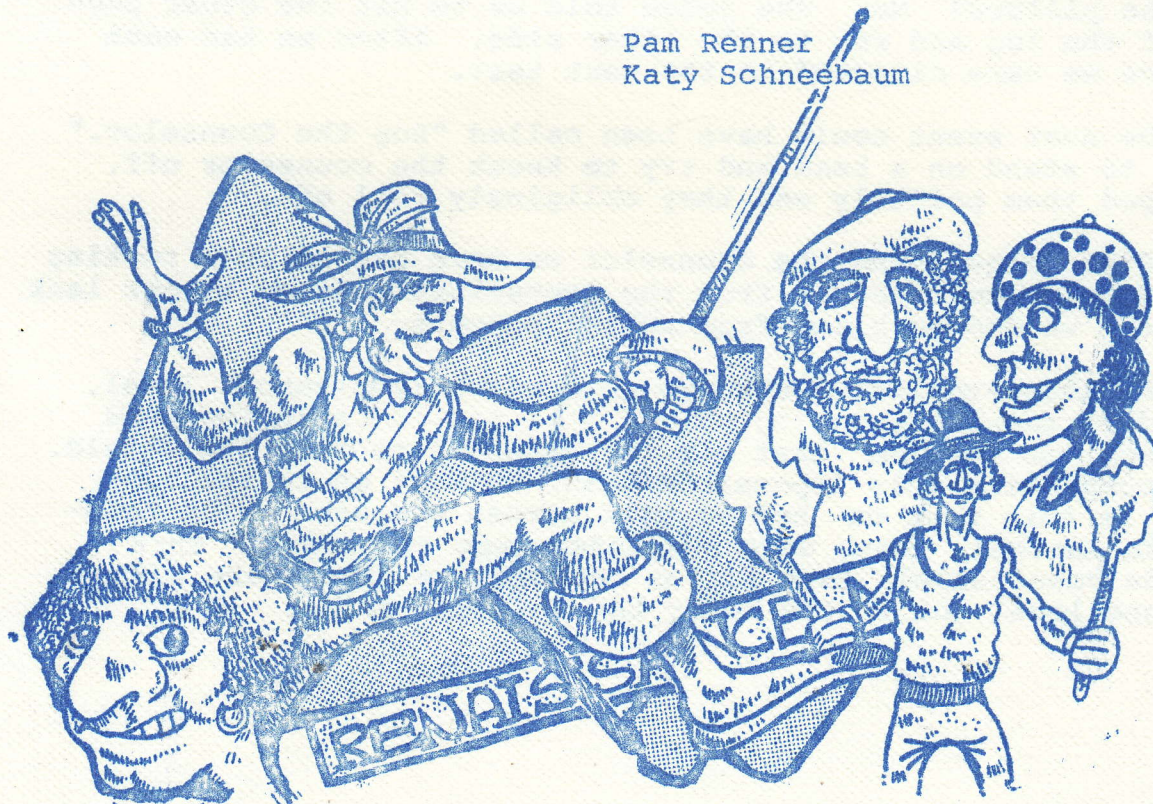
"We're dead!" we yelled immediately.

"Too late, there's a dead fencer on the volleyball court."

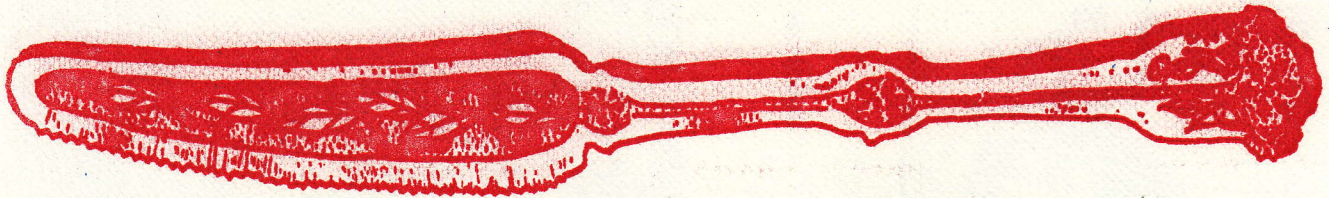
We waited a few minutes and then they came back and gave us our rides. We were dropped off at the Comfrey Station where we got hot herb tea to revive us.

Just then the gong rang. With calligraphy and knight certificates in our hands, we walked back to our cabin to the tune of medieval songs.

Pam Renner
Katy Schneebaum



SYBIL SIMON'S CAMPAIGN DINNER



"...I intend to keep our nation's feet on the ground..."
So said Sybil Simon at her campaign dinner in the Buck's Rock
Grand Dining Room, July 28, 1980.

While Sybil spoke to the boys and girls, CIT's and counselors
of Buck's Rock, the presidential chef served to all who would
eat it, Presidential Beef, Victory Lettuce, Nomination Day
Potatoes, Simon Salad, Sybil Sweets, and apple juice -
Buck's Rock vintage chablis vintage 1980.

All of this was part of Summer 1980's lampoon in which
Sybil ran for President. At another point in the evening anyone
could make a donation of anything to Sybil's campaign. Some
campers donated their bunk-mates and counselors.

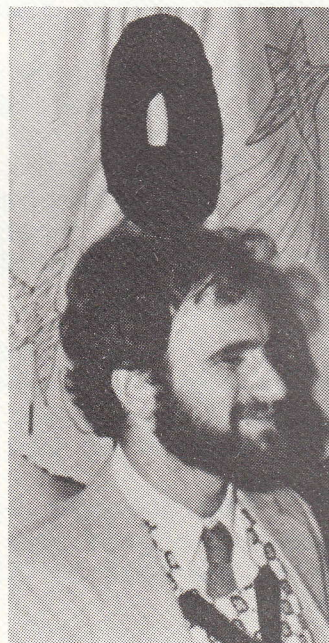
As the hungry residents of Buck's Rock walked into the
Dining Room, they saw next to the styrofoam trays one way to
make a donation to the campaign: a pile of donation forms,
ready to be signed. The other way was to walk up to the table
(after being checked out by CIA agents) where campaign workers
took pledges. Where Sybil was seated they would announce the
donations, or the donors could have the pleasure of announcing
it themselves.

The Dining Room was decorated with red, white, and blue crepe
paper and paper chains. Down the tables ran one strip of blue
or red crepe paper. At each seat was a place mat with a picture
of Sybil on it and the menu for dinner.

The lovable Pub Shop played a large role in Sybil's
campaign: printing the invitations, donation forms, and place-
mats, as well as the lampoon itself which was given out one week
later.

It wouldn't have been much fun had it not been for the
lovable Pub.

Andy J. Williams



another piece performed in Fantasia. The ballet was the background music for an animated scene reconstructing the formation of the earth's crust, and life's appearance on its surface. It seemed as if the Boston Symphony was doing a tribute to Fantasia.

There was only one serious flaw in our day at Tanglewood. A thundershower found its way overhead. Not having seats protected by the roof of the concert hall, we were drenched. Fortunately, the storm lasted for about twenty minutes. It then moved on to torment other people enjoying this beautiful day. After the storm passed we listened to what was left of Stravinsky's 8th. The thunder made it impossible to hear the orchestra outside the confines of the concert hall.

We then boarded the bus filled with obscenity and laughter (they help keep the boredom at a low ebb). After a role call on board, we began our journey back home to the tranquility and peace of good ol' Buck's Rock.

Alex Wolf



The image features a solid blue background with a fine, pebbled texture. The word "EXIT" is printed in a bold, blue, sans-serif typeface, oriented diagonally from the top-left towards the bottom-right. The text is repeated in a series of parallel lines, with each word slightly offset from the one above it, creating a sense of depth and movement. The lighting is even, and the color is a consistent medium blue.

As August ends and the camp begins to close down, we leave the gallery -- but the memories linger. They will hold us until the spring returns and brings with it the anticipation of another summer yet to come. Though Buck's Rock will not be exactly the same, the ideals will be here, another year older, another year stronger. Once again people will enter the gallery; some for the first time, others returning to find new possibilities in a familiar place. They come into the gallery as spectators and slowly become involved in the pictures. By the end of the summer they, too, are portraits in the gallery. Now that the eager voices of excited campers have drifted into silence and the bunks are empty except for the overflowing duffle bags at the doors, walk through the gallery once more and remember your summer.

'... The end is where we start from.'

Now that you have browsed through the gallery of work produced at Buck's Rock this summer, you might want to reflect for a while on what it has all meant--on what you have learned from your numerous experiences.

As you examine this yearbook you can see that your fellow campers were once again active in a great many fields and that they met a variety of challenges. Once again this summer our shops turned out beautiful work, our performing arts groups provided a showcase for the talents of many boys and girls, and our individual and team sports tested and stretched their athletic skills and abilities. Quantitatively, the summer certainly compared favorably with previous summers--better, in fact, than some.

But there's more to a summer at Buck's Rock than the number of pieces a camper works on or performs in or goes home with, and it would be foolish for anyone to measure the worth of a summer in those terms. Nor can you count the number of prizes, medals, or honors you have won here because, as you've seen, we don't distribute such awards either. The meaning this summer has had for you can no more be captured in numerical terms than can the beauty of a painting, the richness of a symphony, or the subtlety of a poem. And just as your response to a fine work of art is personal and highly individualized, so must be your response to the summer just ended.

We have tried once again this season to impart to our campers an awareness of the importance of human freedom and of the right to choose. Our commitment to freedom of choice is based on the conviction that only in such an environment can creativity truly flourish. Further, we recognize that in order to foster creativity and free choice we must ask the young people who come to Buck's Rock to take an active role in shaping their summers. We also recognize that most young people are unaccustomed to doing so.

Many boys and girls outside of Buck's Rock prefer to be passive, indifferent, "cool." Others let themselves be bombarded by stereophonic sounds and videotronic images for hours on end until they are reduced to a near catatonic state. Still others have adopted the fashions and the stances of "punk" groups which celebrate and flaunt the coarse, the sordid, and the violent. Nevertheless, we are convinced that these are passing trends and that, given the opportunity to actively explore new modes of being alive, a great many young people would reject such trends.

We believe that the creative pursuits you have engaged in this summer have forced you to perceive life through your own eyes and ears and hands, to respond to various stimuli with your own hearts and minds, and to experience a new awareness of the strengths and the limitations of your own bodies. Your counselors and instructors have insisted that you come in contact with the qualities of things, that you reject laziness and passivity, that you touch and taste and see and feel, that you reach out and dare, that you hear and listen and try and learn and begin again to learn how to learn. Someone once observed that "Art makes the petrified world speak, sing, perhaps dance." We hope that some of you may have made a similar discovery this summer and that you will be leaving Buck's Rock with a clearer idea of the life that you would like to breathe into our "petrified world."

Central to the philosophy that permeates Buck's Rock has been a trust in young people. We truly believe that only by establishing such trust can we expect young people to begin to trust each other. And we believe that it is the trust and respect which most of you shared with each other that made this summer's experiences such special ones. You worked together and you worked alone, you shared, confided, supported, and helped each other and, in the process, you forged many new and lasting friendships. This is a process that has been repeating itself for 38 years now and it is undoubtedly one of the most important processes that take place at Buck's Rock.

As we enter the decade of the eighties we find our world in a rather sorry state. We desperately need to breathe new life and new hope into dispirited peoples everywhere. We need to reaffirm our worth as people and to reestablish the brotherhood and sisterhood of all peoples. To do so we will have to reexamine our directions, to take chances, to be willing to explore new modes of achieving fulfillment and new modes of being alive. Then, and only then, will we stand a chance of restoring dignity and vitality to our existence.

The poet T.S. Eliot may have summed it all up when he wrote:

"We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where he started
And know the place for the first time."

We hope that this summer has launched you on just such a journey of exploration. If so, you will understand that you have now arrived not at the end but at the beginning. For as Eliot also wrote:

"...to make an end is to make a beginning.
The end is where we start from."

Ken and Sybil



"Another race has been, and
other palms are won."

You have written another page in the books of your lives. And during the winter, you may reread and relive the page you have written and come to realize the impact a few short weeks have had on you. For I believe they had an impact that will be an influence in your future. And that applies to everybody who has spent their summer here. It applies to the teacher and to the camper, for every teacher is a learner and every student is a teacher. The teacher learns from the student as he teaches and the student teaches as he learns. To recognize such interaction is the essence of education. You may have realized this as you observed others and as an observer of yourself.

You may also have realized that you can work as a member of a group, in concert with others and yet retain your individuality. To be part of a group need not mean dependence on a group, dependence on others. It need not mean that you have to let yourself be overruled by a majority. You can always remain yourself as an individual. Consider the opinions of others, weigh their merit and make your decisions.

However, as a writer once put it: To be true to oneself, important as it is, is not enough, since you remain true only to what you already are and so might lead to nothing new although it affirms your position as a person. It is true that much of existence is necessity or fate or accident but beyond the limitations of human life there lies a realm of freedom where there is "no design until you make it. Here is the possibility of creation." Here ends the quest for identity. "Here the question is not 'Who am I?' but the question you have to answer is: 'Who shall I be?'" Lou has called us a family. And in a sense we were. As teachers and learners, as learners and teachers, we were related to each other. We shared the same goals. We wanted to find answers to the question "Who do we want to be?"

At Buck's Rock, you had many opportunities to explore and begin to find the answer to such questions. In fact, the experiences you had this summer were, in a way, attempts to retrace - on a small scale - the development of Man - and by Man, I mean men and women - as they traveled the road that led from the caves they emerged from to the conquest of space and the exploration of the universe.

On this journey, Man made many discoveries. He invented Science to roll back the veils that hid the unknown and make it knowable. He invented Music to express emotions that stirred within him. He invented the Theater, the Stage, Drama and Comedy to illustrate the conflicts he faced. He invented the Dance and turned movements into forms using the body as an

instrument of manyfold expressions. He invented numerous Crafts to make life easier, to decorate his environments, to adorn himself, to preserve, to store what he acquired, to wear and cover himself in the heat of the summer, in the cold of the winter. He used wood and metal and stone to build houses and temples and monuments that outlasted centuries and Sculpted to turn dead material into living forms that spoke in three dimensions. He invented and melted Glass both strong and transparent, opaque or translucent. He invented Technology to turn night into day, to communicate over distances that he had never traveled, to talk to other humans beyond personal meeting grounds. He invented the art of Writing as a means to transmit the past to the future and to reveal his opinions, thoughts and feelings to himself as well as to others. He learned to Print the written word to make such disclosure possible. He learned to Photograph what he saw and illustrate what he felt. He invented the art of Painting that started in the caves of Altamira as a means to duplicate the shapes of the beasts that he had to hunt for food and thus magically ensure the success of his hunts. The origins of Art grew in these dark caves when most of northern Europe was still covered with ice and became the grandiose attempts to give meaning to Man's life by making tangible and visible all the manifestations of existence as it affected him and that led him to interpret what he saw and felt so that others could participate and share thoughts and feelings.

When I say "He", I always mean "He" and "She" and sometimes mainly "He" and sometimes mainly "She" and usually both "He" and "She". That applies to all that has been said and finally to the invention of Sports as a means to keep themselves fit through competition or co-operation in teams.

This summer, you took part in some measure in many of these endeavors. You were participants by your own creations, you were participants by observing others. You may not even be aware of your participation but participate you did, eagerly or hesitantly and it will - combined with everything that happened in your past - influence the choices you make in the future.

The creations you became part of this summer, represent in nuclear form the endeavors of men and women since the emergence of mankind. Naturally, in the course of human history there were undreamed of combinations that led to forms after forms, to styles that came and went and returned again. An endless quest to express joy and agony, confidence in the future, despair over failure, new hopes and old discouragement, ancient dreams and new realizations.

It is true that all inventions, Science, Technology, the Art of Writing, Representations in Dance and Music and Drama, in Art and in the many Crafts were as often as not used as a means of destruction, to establish dominance, to exercise power, to subdue and annihilate, to destroy, to devastate and kill. It will be the task of mankind in centuries to come or be an achievement in your lifetimes - maybe with your help - to minimize the

destructive forces Man can unleash through his inventions and turn them to peaceful use, to wield nations into brotherhoods, to enable everybody to partake of the riches earth has to offer. Will it come to pass? I do not know. We can only hope and we hope - Ilse and I - as a Farewell Greeting to all of you to become part of the brave attempt to make your own life, everybody's life, joyful, creative, constructive experiences as you attempted to do this summer.

Visions and Choices!

Vision that enables you to see things invisible and yet understand what is understandable, And based on your visions, become free to make your choices.

Fiction and Truth!

Give free rein to your imagination without losing sight of reality.

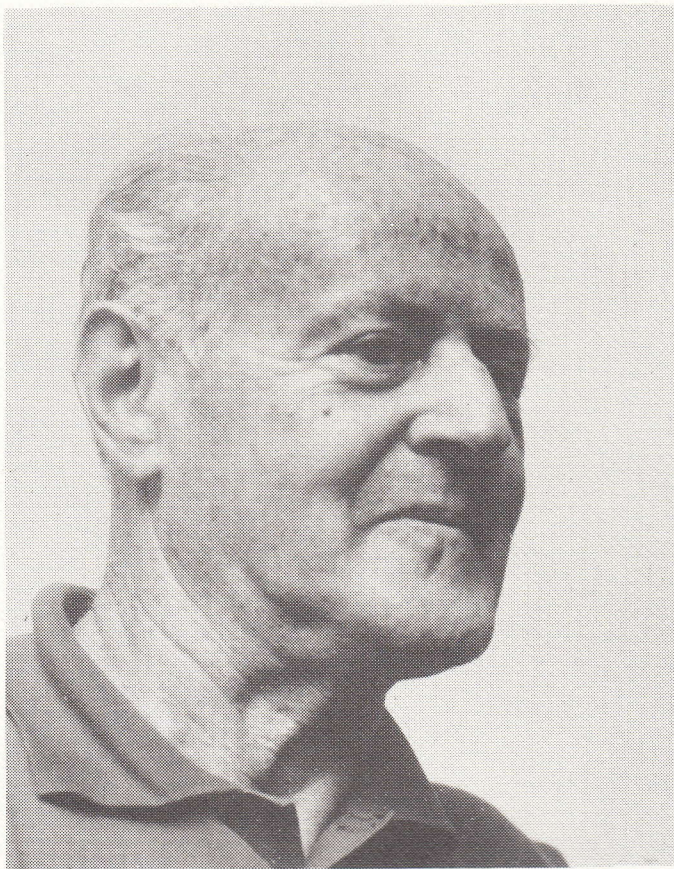
Ambiguity and Structure!

Be able to live with ambiguity and yet combine opposites into structures.

Let your eye discover forms. Let your mind give them meaning.

Ernst





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Silkscreen designed and produced by Aaron Kromash

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- Corvin Printing Company, New Milford, Conn.

The negatives for the photolithographic work in Gallery (all of the photographs and many of the titles) were made entirely in Buck's Rock under the direction of Robert Dicke, with consultation from Phil Tavalin. Using the new process camera, photographs were changed from continuous-tone (not reproducible on our offset press) to dot patterns with a half-tone screen. This is the first time that this process has been done at Buck's Rock.

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Photo: Mitch Levy, Eric Marketan

Credits

Samples of work shown in the Shops section were created by the campers at Buck's Rock during the summer of 1980. The artists and craftspeople are listed here, in the order of their appearance in the book:

ART:

PAINTINGS

Top Right: Nicole Schumann
Middle Left: Jeff Weber
Middle Right: Diana Cherbuliez
Bottom Left: Stacey Scher
Bottom Right: Cheryl Rosenfeld

ETCHINGS

Top Left: Michael Wetstone
Bottom Left: Michael Wetstone
Center: Raymond Jasen
Top Right: Beth Bernhaut
Bottom Right: Marcia Bernstein

CERAMICS:

FRONT

Top: Stevie Pudell
Center: Jody Cutler
Bottom: Fred Miggins

BACK

Top: Carol Grossfield
Bottom: Chris Peck

FABRIC:

Top Right: Sari Levine
Top Left: Ben Rosenberg
Bottom Right: Om Prakash
Bottom Left: Sally Rogin

Top: Ayme Eichler
Center: Cara Grabel
Bottom: Jenny Lopez

GLASS:

Top Left: Arthur Hurwitz
Bottom Right: Arthur Hurwitz
Top Right: David Watstein
Bottom Left: David Watstein

LEATHER:

TOP

Jeff Toppel

CENTER

Andrew Marks
Laura Wolf
Stacey Scher

BOTTOM

Bob Kirschner

PUPPETRY: Top Left: Ellen Gamerman
Center Right: Katie Roiphe
Center Left: Wendy Shapiro
Bottom Right: Laura Goldberg

SCULPTURE: Top Left: Toby Deligtisch
Top Right: Elijah Schachter
Bottom Left: David Sacks
Bottom Right: David Rosen

Top: Alison Gertz
Center: Toby Deligtisch
Bottom: Laura Auerbach

Top Left: Elijah Schachter
Top Right: Jimmy Karas
Bottom Left: Heather Summers
Bottom Right: Laura Auerbach

SEWING: FRONT
Top Left: Jill Rabbiner
Bottom Right: Cassie Vogel

BACK
Top Left: Gaby Jochnowitz
Bottom Right: Karen Ginsburg

SILVER/
METALWORKS: TOP (RINGS)
Left: Alissa Spielberg
Center: Christine Wang
Right: Lisa Dropkin

CENTER
Nadia Krainovich

BOTTOM
Julie Kunen

Top: Marion Kass
Center: Richard Komarow
Bottom: Karyn Sercussi

WEAVING: Top Left: Lynn Barnett
Cara Grabel
Amy Weil
Top Right: Laura Duberstein
Bottom Left: Becky Mison
Bottom Right: Lisa Cooper

BARGELLO: Top Left: Maria Laso
Top Right: Amy Neufeld
Center: Diana Cherbuliez
Bottom: Cara Grabel

WOOD: Top: Wendy Shapiro
Center: Eddy Kopel
Bottom: Michael Sacks

Top: Naomi Grabel
Bottom: Jeffrey Coburn

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ENTRANCE: 1st page: Sonia Chalfin

SHOPS: 1st page: David Meyers
2nd page: Top - David Meyers
Bottom Left - Eric Marketan
Bottom Right - Lauren Ablow
3rd page: Top - David Meyers
Bottom - David Meyers
4th page: Top - Eric Marketan
Bottom - Eric Marketan
5th page: Top - Eric Marketan
Bottom - Eric Marketan
6th page: Keri Cherunchin
7th page: Top - Josh Nathan
Bottom - Steven Pudell
8th page: Top - Danny Klausner
Bottom - Pip Chodorov

PERFORMING ARTS:

1st page: Top - Eric Marketan
Bottom - Eric Marketan
2nd page: Top - Eric Marketan
Bottom - Lauren Ablow
3rd page: Lauren Ablow
4th page: Top - Alan Berger
Bottom - Alan Berger
5th page: Top - Eric Marketan
Bottom - David Meyers
6th page: Top Left- Photo Staff
Top Right - David Meyers
Bottom - David Meyers
7th page: Top - Matthew Merkelson
Bottom - Matthew Merkelson
8th page: Top - Stuart Bernstein
Bottom - Eric Marketan
9th page: Top - Eric Marketan
Bottom - Eric Marketan
10th page: Top - Eric Marketan
Bottom - Josh Nathan
11th page: Top - Pip Chodorov
Bottom - David Meyers

FINE ARTS:

1st page: Danny Klausner
2nd page: Jennifer Fuchel

CAMP LIFE:

1st page. Top Left - Matthew Merkelson
Top Right - Stuart Bernstein
Bottom - Matthew Merkelson
2nd page: Top - Pip Chodorov
Center - Pip Chodorov
Bottom - Matthew Merkelson

* - Page numbers refer to pages of photographs only

3rd page: Top - Matthew Merkelson
Center - Shop Photo
Bottom - Matthew Merkelson

4th page: Top - Pip Chodorov
Bottom - Matthew Merkelson

5th page: Top Left - Daniel Klausner
Top Right - Stuart Bernstein
Bottom - Eric Marketan

6th page: Left - David Meyers
Right - Maxine Pitter

7th page: Top Left - Eric Marketan
Top Right - Stuart Bernstein
Bottom - Daniel Klausner

8th page: Top - Josh Nathan
Bottom - Josh Nathan

9th page: Adam Lazinsk

10th page: Top - Stuart Bernstein
Bottom - John Berlinsky

11th page: Top - Pip Chodorov

12th page: Top Left - Shop Photo
Top Right - David Meyers
Bottom - Alan Berger

13th page: Top Left - Eric Marketan
Top Right - Alan Berger
Bottom Left - Eric Marketan
Bottom Right - Eric Marketan

14th page: Top Left - Stuart Bernstein
Top Right - Stuart Bernstein
Bottom Left - Stuart Bernstein
Bottom Right - Stuart Bernstein

15th page: Top Left - Andrew Simon
Top Right - Pip Chodorov
Bottom - David Meyers

16th page: Top - David Gottlieb
Bottom - David Gottlieb

17th page: Top Left - Stuart Bernstein
Top Right - David Meyers
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18th page: Top - David Meyers
Bottom - Brian Goetz

19th page: Top Left - Pip Chodorov
Top Right - Stuart Bernstein
Bottom - Brian Goetz

20th page: Left - Eric Marketan
Right - Eric Marketan

21st page: Eric Marketan

22nd page: Photo Staff

SPECIAL EVENTS:

1st page: Lauren Ablow
2nd page: Stuart Bernstein
3rd page: Nicole Neretin
4th page: Top Left - David Meyers
Top Right - David Meyers
Bottom Left - David Meyers
Bottom Right - David Meyers

EXIT:

1st page: Staff Photo
2nd page: Staff Photo

Autographs

Handwritten text, possibly a title or header, in a stylized script.



BUCK'S ROCK



SUMMER 1980



